

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,243, Vol. 48.

August 23, 1879.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

MR. GLADSTONE AT CHESTER.

EVEN in the first week after the Session zealous Liberals cannot deny themselves the pleasure of making speeches against the Government. Nothing can be easier for the orator, or, whatever may be the case with the audience, more tiresome to the reader. Mr. MUNDELLA at Sheffield said, among other things, that the Irish members had reason to complain of the Government, and that his own policy would be to do justice to Ireland, and then require the Irish to obey the law. It is perhaps more convenient that the peace should be kept in the interval which may possibly elapse before the Irish agitators are finally satisfied that they have received full justice. Mr. MUNDELLA himself is not yet prepared to extend justice to Ireland in the form of Home Rule; and the Government has in the last Session made concessions which the Irish members admit to be instalments of justice. There is some reason for Mr. MUNDELLA's remark that the latest member was returned to the House of Commons by 85 votes; but the disfranchisement of Ennis, either on account of its bad choice of a member or because it has a small population, would create a fresh Irish grievance. The Liberal managers at Liverpool, and probably in other towns, are now deliberating whether they are to ally themselves with the Irish Home Rule voters. They will perhaps decide in the affirmative; but they will find that such a policy is not permanently profitable. Mr. MUNDELLA's vague admission that the Irish have grievances will not be deemed by Mr. PARNELL and his friends sufficiently explicit. The rest of Mr. MUNDELLA's speech consisted of vehement commonplaces convincing only to partisans who need no conviction. A great deal may be said against any Ministry; but against the present Ministry it is extremely difficult to say anything new. In one instance Mr. MUNDELLA courted novelty at the expense of probability. On the strength of Lord HARTINGTON's late speech he foretold that the Whig aristocracy—"the DEVONSHIRES and FITZWILLIAMS"—would aid in abolishing primogeniture and entails, as their families had promoted the repeal of the Corn-laws. Lord HARTINGTON has intimated a disposition to relax the stringency of entails; but he said nothing about the custom of primogeniture, which means the maintenance of an aristocracy; and both Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. MUNDELLA know that the law of primogeniture is an inoperative form. On the same day Sir C. DILKE, who is both able and eloquent, was compelled to deal, like Mr. MUNDELLA, with the most hackneyed topics. It was perhaps proper that he should introduce to the constituency his intended colleague at the next election; but it was impossible in the circumstances to make an interesting speech.

There is reason to fear that the tranquillity of the recess will be constantly disturbed by preparations for the election. It was for the purpose, or on the occasion, of recommending a new candidate for the representation of Chester that Mr. GLADSTONE made his first speech since the close of the Session against the Government. He strongly recommended a series of vigorous assaults on all constituencies which now return Conservative members; and he had a right to enforce his precept by his own example in Midlothian. There is perhaps nothing positively wrong in conducting party warfare in the manner which seems likely to be most efficient; but in some classes of the com-

munity there are many serious and honest politicians who have no sympathy with faction. Of course a general election must have managers on either side; but it scarcely accords with the dignity of a statesman of the highest rank to interfere in the details of the contest. Mr. GLADSTONE has persuaded himself that the delinquencies of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government justify and require a departure from ordinary rules. He has probably forgotten that three or four-and-twenty years ago he was almost equally violent in his attacks on Lord PALMERSTON's Government, which, in domestic politics at least, professed opinions almost indistinguishable from his own. He was then, as now, the most copious of orators, but he had not yet acquired the habit of writing incessant pamphlets. It might have been supposed that within three weeks from the publication of the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. GLADSTONE could have no immediate need of expressing his antipathy to the Government. The thirty urgent domestic questions which the Ministry have neglected, and the fifteen gratuitous foreign difficulties which they have raised, might have been left for a time to provoke the public indignation. The interest in foreign affairs which served Mr. GLADSTONE's purpose in 1876 and Lord BEACONSFIELD's in 1878 has visibly subsided. A year hence, when the general election will be imminent, it will perhaps have become a waste of time for candidates to declaim about Russia and Turkey.

Since the days when Mr. GLADSTONE delivered a series of speeches on the other bank of the Dee in support of Lord DERBY's Government against Lord PALMERSTON, he appears to have carefully studied the machinery of elections. Amongst other discoveries he has found that a division of seats between the two great parties is a proof that the majority is on the side which, for the time being, may be Mr. GLADSTONE's. The city of Chester has two able and useful representatives; and Mr. RAIKES, by an odd coincidence, holds the same office in the House of Commons of which Mr. DODSON once discharged the duties. On party questions they naturally vote against one another; but it is not a greater evil that a Conservative and a Liberal should sit for the same borough than that there should be members of both parties in the House. The election managers on both sides probably doubted at the election of 1874 whether, by attempting to secure the whole representation, they might not be absolutely defeated. It is difficult to understand how the judgment of those who knew the local circumstances can prove that the Liberals undervalued their strength. A similar arrangement was thought expedient in several other constituencies, of which the city of Oxford was one. Those who are not zealous partisans of either faction regard with something more than tolerance a practice which generally results in the choice of two capable representatives. Not the least interesting part of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was his statement of his reasons for recommending Mr. LAWLEY to the electors of Chester. It is pleasant to find that the most austere of political moralists, after all, shares the human quality of standing by his own friends and connexions. Mr. GLADSTONE has also adopted an opinion which Lord BEACONSFIELD once preached, and which he has perhaps since abandoned. Mr. LAWLEY is young, and as SIDONIA, or some other philosopher of the same school, was wont to remark, the world belongs to youth. It is perfectly true that, as Mr. GLADSTONE complains, too many elderly men enter the House of

Commons; but successive Reform Bills, which have closed Parliamentary life to aspirants of the class of BURKE, of CANNING, and of MACAULAY, have practically respected the privileges of eldest sons of peers. If Mr. LAWLEY is returned, he will take the place possibly of Mr. DODSON, and more probably of Mr. RAIKES, who in the prime of life has already attained a respectable Parliamentary position. In fact, the electors will think neither of the age of the candidates nor of their qualifications, but of the parties to which they respectively belong, or perhaps, in the case of Mr. LAWLEY, of his family claims. Mr. GLADSTONE judiciously reminded the electors that the new candidate was connected with the house of GROSVENOR.

Mr. GLADSTONE ingeniously suggested that by immediate agitation in every county and borough the Opposition might force the Government to dissolve Parliament in the course of the autumn. The Conservatives could not afford to leave the field in the exclusive occupation of their adversaries, and the intolerable annoyance of incessant canvassing might induce them to urge the Government to a dissolution. The enormous inconvenience and lavish expense of the proceeding which he describes is nothing to Mr. GLADSTONE in comparison with any advantage which it might confer on his party; but, on the whole, he doubts whether it may not be good policy to wait till the Government proposes measures to supply the financial deficiency. On converse grounds he professes to anticipate that the Ministers will appeal to the country before they have to provide for the cost of their recent policy. He of course assumes, and perhaps not without reason, that the time of the election will be fixed with exclusive regard to the convenience and interest of the Ministers, as he proposes to apply or withhold pressure with equally one-sided consideration for his own party. Some of the Ministers, as he politely intimates, are growing old and may think a bird in the hand worth two in the bush. In the contest which Mr. GLADSTONE eagerly anticipates he apparently intends to rely mainly on the financial mismanagement which he imputes to the Ministers; but he also hopes to profit by the popular jealousy of Russia. The Power which conquered in a great war of aggression has got more in return for its sacrifices than England which relied on diplomacy alone. It may perhaps not be impossible to persuade some constituencies that the contrast proves the error of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S policy. Mr. GLADSTONE now affects the character of an opponent of Russia. Three years ago he was the leader of a miscellaneous band of orators who, at St. James's Hall and elsewhere, were never tired of expatiating on the disinterested magnanimity of Russia in undertaking the defence of the Eastern Christians against Turkey. Their extravagant rhetoric, with which Mr. GLADSTONE apparently sympathized, was one of the causes of the war, through the inference which it suggested that Russian ambition would meet with no opposition from England.

THE CHILIAN WAR.

AS nothing decisive has taken place in the operations of the war of the West Coast Republics, which has now been lingering on for five months, ample time has been given to the contending parties and their friends to go back to the origin of the contest, and to attack or defend the conduct of Chili in beginning it. For Bolivia there is really nothing to be said, and the best thing her friends can do is to keep perfectly quiet as to the past, and to hope that the future will bring her a success which she does not deserve, but by which she will profit. In South America, as elsewhere, there is no reason why the wicked should not flourish like a green bay tree, if once they can take root, and be nourished by genial rains. Bolivia, too, has the striking advantage on her side, that whether she and her ally win in the contest with Chili, or lose, she may hope to profit, at the cost of her enemy if she succeeds, and at the cost of her ally if she fails. A narrow strip of Peru practically shuts out Bolivia from the coast, as her one port of Cobija is useless from want of the means of access to it. In this strip of Peruvian land the Bolivian army is now encamped, and has been supplied with arms by Peru. If the allies succeed, Bolivia may perhaps be content with the rich spoils of the nitrate fields connected with Antofagasta and with the silver of Caracoles. If the allies attempt to drive Chili out of this precious tract of desert which is now in her possession,

and fail, Bolivia will not be easily induced to relinquish the hold she has obtained on this strip of Peruvian soil which shuts her out from the sea. The Bolivian soldiers have on several occasions proved more than a match for the Peruvians, and Peru has only been saved by Chili coming to her aid. Bolivia, therefore, may not unnaturally expect that, even at the worst, she will get some portion of that strip to obtain possession of which is of vital importance not only to her interests but to her existence. If it should be objected that thus to turn on an ally is dishonourable, Bolivia may safely reply that Peru was perfectly aware that she had not a shadow of right in her quarrel with Chili, and that, if Peru chose to countenance a State that was only trying how much spoliation it could enforce, she was fairly forewarned and must take the consequences. The future relations of the allies seem so certain to be hostile that some enthusiastic and ambitious Chilians have thought, and have given publicity to their thoughts, that the quickest way to settle the whole business would be for Chili at once to form an alliance with Bolivia and share in the plunder of Peru. But this is a wild project, and has never received the remotest countenance from the Chilian Government, or from any one of political importance in Chili. To embark in such an undertaking would be to convert Chili from a pacific Power, anxious only to make the most of its own resources, and to deal honestly with the world, into an aggressive Power, with the hard task always before it of maintaining its hold on distant possessions. Chili, too, could not abandon the strong moral ground she now occupies with regard to Bolivia without diminishing the respect of the world. At present she is only resenting the flagrant violation of distinct treaty rights, and resuming possession of a district which for centuries was hers so far as it belonged to any one. She would be seriously compromising her national dignity if she joined with the authors of a grave breach of faith in plundering a third party, even though that third party has become her own enemy.

The case between Peru and Chili is different from that between Chili and Bolivia. Chili declared war against Peru because Peru would not undertake to stand neutral in the war which had already broken out between Chili and Bolivia. The Peruvians say that in doing this Chili acted with needless and unjust precipitancy. When the war between their neighbours broke out, they immediately sent to Chili a special diplomatic representative to see whether some basis of agreement could not be arranged before blood had actually been shed. It is true that Peru had a treaty of alliance with Bolivia which had been made some time before, and which had not been communicated to Chili or to any other Power; but it was uncertain whether it would ever come into operation, for it contained a clause that neither ally was bound to help the other except in a just cause. Chili might have been reasonably expected to have given Peru time to inquire into the justice of her cause, and have furnished all necessary information to the special representative of Peru, who was not only clothed with a diplomatic character, but was known in Chili as a Peruvian of exceptional honour and integrity. Instead of conducting matters in this amicable way, Chili brusquely challenged Peru to declare itself neutral or an enemy, met the refusal of Peru to commit itself in this sudden way by breaking off all relations, and sent the special diplomatist his passports. This is the version of the facts given by Peru; but, when it is examined, it breaks down completely. The treaty was not only secret as between the parties to it, but it was kept so very secret that its existence had never been communicated to the special diplomatist. Far from being sent to see whether the treaty ought to come into operation, this honourable and upright person was kept in the dark as to such a treaty having been made. When told by the Chilian Government that it existed, he pronounced its existence to be impossible, as he himself had held at its alleged date a political position which made it legally necessary that such a compact should be brought to his knowledge. It subsequently turned out that he was quite right, and that the Peruvian Government had never divulged the existence of the treaty to Congress or obtained its sanction. The Chilian Government could not treat with an emissary from whose knowledge his own Government was keeping a fact of primary importance. The Chilians concluded, as any one else would have concluded, that Peru was not dealing fairly with them, and was trying to gain time by sending a man to negotiate who, because he was known to be incapable of deceit,

would most effectually deceive them as to the treaty, since he was himself deceived. They accordingly addressed themselves directly to the Peruvian Government at Lima and demanded to be told whether there was a treaty with Bolivia and what were its contents. After many attempts at evasion the Lima Government at last read the contents of the treaty to the Chilean Minister, but declined to give him a copy. The Chilean Minister at once asked Peru whether the treaty was to be considered operative in the case of Chili. There was no need to communicate any past facts in order that Peru might judge whether the cause of Chili was just or not. The Peruvian Government knew all the facts, which had been already brought by Chili to the notice of Peru. It knew that Bolivia had just bound itself not to impose any new taxes or duties on the Chilians in the region ceded by Chili to Bolivia, and then had coolly announced that it was going to impose a tax which would be simply ruinous to those on whom it pressed. It knew that Bolivia had subsequently gone even further and had pronounced the property of the chief Chilean company in the district to be confiscated. The whole conduct of the Peruvian Government led irresistibly to the inference that it meant to aid Bolivia in the war, but would like to have further time for preparation before it took an open part. Chili had therefore merely to consider whether it would be best to give Peru time or not. It decided that it would be in every way more expedient to have Peru from the outset an open enemy than to let it remain for a time a false neutral. Probably Chili hoped that she would be able to inflict such injury on Peru by sea that Peru would get tired of the war almost before it began. In this she has been disappointed. But in another way the immediate declaration of war with Peru has proved beneficial to Chili. It has made it impossible for Peru to strengthen its navy by the purchase of new ironclads. As soon as the war began, Peru tried almost every nation in turn to see whether it could not manage to buy an ironclad somewhere. It met with one refusal after another because it was a belligerent. Had Chili allowed Peru to gain time Peru would have been able to secure ironclads as a neutral, and then, when she thought herself strong enough, to use them as an enemy.

Hitherto the belligerents have not been able to hurt each other very much. Peru has lost one of her two ironclads; but Chili has not been strong enough to maintain the blockade of Iquique, and has had a transport carrying troops captured from her. Neither party has been able to prevent the other receiving by sea supplies of arms and ammunition. In destruction of resources Peru, however, has suffered far the most, for she cannot export nitrate, not only because the shipping stages at the chief harbour of export have been destroyed, but because the working of nitrate requires skilled labour, and the skilled labourers engaged in working Peruvian nitrate were almost all Chilians, and have gone home. The depreciated currency of Peru has become still further depreciated, and it has been found impossible to float a new internal loan, although the most urgent appeals have been made to the patriotism of all possible lenders. Chili is also incurring liabilities which must press on her heavily some day; but at present there are no symptoms of anything like bankruptcy in Chili. The war has even produced some degree of temporary prosperity in Chili, as the prices of local articles of ordinary consumption have not as yet risen, and the influx of returning workmen has lowered wages. The population, too, has willingly submitted to the burden of new and heavy taxes, and the banks, having little other business to transact, lay out their money in the purchase of Government Bonds and thus keep up the credit of the country. It would be going much too far to say that, if the war lasts, Chili will be able to continue to remit the silver with which she pays the interest on her loans in England; but she will do her best to pay this interest, and it is not impossible that she will succeed in doing what is now difficult, and may soon become very difficult, for her to do. The Chilians, who are proud of the name of the English of South America, cling to the maintenance of their credit with English tenacity. The real danger of Chili is that her Government may be impelled by the ignorant impatience of a democracy to abandon the strong defensive position which Chili now occupies. Her navy ought to be sufficient to prevent any attempt to land any large body of hostile troops. She is in possession of the territory she claims, and it is for her enemies to turn her out. If they cannot

come to attack her by sea, they have a most arduous task before them in trying to attack her by land. First, they have to march through a hundred miles of desert to the river Loa, which furnishes the only potable water in the space between the contending armies. On the Loa the Chilians are posted, and have had abundance of time to make earthworks and bring up heavy guns. If the Chilians are driven from the Loa, whence they may hope to return in comparative safety under the shelter of their navy, the invaders will have to cross three hundred miles of a desert without water and without forage. The Bolivian troops are fearless and can live on almost nothing, and if any soldiers could cross such a desert, they may hope to accomplish the feat. But how they can carry with them their guns and their beasts of burden with sufficient forage and water is scarcely to be guessed. When at last they arrive at Antofagasta they will find the Chilean army, which, man for man, is at least their equal, posted in positions selected with the utmost care, protected by heavy artillery, and having an excellent base in a neighbouring port. In spite of all these advantages the Chilians may be beaten, for in war all calculations may be upset; but it may be safely said that the position of Chili at Antofagasta is so formidable, and to reach Antofagasta by land is so extremely difficult, that the strength of Chili may be taken at least as treble what it would be if she had to meet her enemies on terms of equal advantage.

COUNT ANDRASSY'S RESIGNATION.

THE resignation of Count ANDRASSY is probably a result of the late election; for it is not seriously believed that a Minister in the full vigour of life retires under pressure of fatigue. Count ANDRASSY, who had in his youth been sentenced to death for his share in the Hungarian war, affords in his own person a satisfactory proof of the sincerity with which the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has, since 1867, recognized the constitutional rights of Hungary. When Count BEUST was Chancellor of the Monarchy, Count ANDRASSY became Prime Minister of Hungary; and, on the retirement of the founder of the dualistic system, he succeeded to the highest post in the common Government. The confidence reposed in him by his own countrymen has facilitated the execution of a policy which must have been in many respects distasteful to Hungary. The dominant race has always regarded with jealousy the pretensions of the Slavonic inhabitants, who form a numerical majority of the population of the kingdom. The Hungarians also justly resent the lawless intervention of Russia by which their independence was repressed in 1849; and they feel a sympathy for the Turks, founded on common enmities and dangers, and justified according to recent fashion by the discovery of historical affinities of race. Nevertheless Count ANDRASSY had a share in founding the ill-omened alliance of the three EMPERORS, and he is mainly responsible for the result of the understanding in the seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The great increase in the power of the Slavonic subjects of Hungary cannot but be distasteful to the Magyars; and it is not yet known whether the extension of the dominions of the Monarchy is acceptable to the Austrian Germans; but perhaps they may be reconciled to a measure which probably originated at Berlin. The advocates of a policy of territorial aggrandizement owe some gratitude to the Magyar Minister who induced his countrymen to assent to the occupation of Turkish provinces. A representative of Slavonic aspirations might probably have been less successful.

The key to Count ANDRASSY's policy would have been in the possession of any statesman who knew Prince BISMARCK's intentions. The Austro-Hungarian Chancellor seems to have resolved, probably on patriotic grounds, never to separate himself from his powerful ally. It was under the influence of Germany that Austria assented to the Russian invasion of Turkey, which could have been summarily prevented by a mere threat of opposition. The price had probably been stipulated before the project of war was announced, while the cause afterwards furnished by the Bulgarian outrages had not been divined. It is not known whether Count ANDRASSY was an active party to the intrigues by which Austrian civil and military officers fomented the insurrection in Herzegovina. He cannot escape responsibility for the inevitable consequence. It was not to be supposed that Russia would acquiesce in

the aggrandizement of Austria at the expense of Turkey without seeking compensation for herself. Both Governments were probably set in motion by Prince BISMARCK, whose motives and purposes are still imperfectly understood. It is scarcely probable that he should deliberately have sought to weaken Russia by his encouragement of a costly enterprise; but he may have thought it desirable to shift the centre of gravity of Austrian power further to the East and to the home of the South Slavonic races. The controversy which has lately arisen between an English journal on one side and German and Russian papers on the other as to the conduct of Prince BISMARCK during the Congress may perhaps be explained by the paradoxical assumption that his undisguised preference of Russia was insincere, and indeed treacherous. The English Plenipotentiaries must have regarded Prince BISMARCK as the avowed partisan of Russia; but they may have been partially reassured by the language of Count ANDRASSY, who appeared at the same time to possess the confidence of the German CHANCELLOR and to pursue an Austrian policy more or less adverse to Russia.

The official explanations which have been given of the interview at Gastein between the German and Austrian EMPERORS are neither consistent nor trustworthy. It is asserted both that the object of the meeting was purely personal and friendly, and that the result has been a still closer union between the two Imperial Courts. By a coincidence, which may be accidental, the Russian and German papers have suddenly engaged in polemical discussions which seem to have no adequate cause. If Germany and Austria are really disposed to recede from the triple alliance, there is no reason why Count ANDRASSY should relinquish the direction of a policy which he might be expected to approve. He probably shares Prince BISMARCK's political dislike of Prince GORTCHAKOFF, and he has never been accused of devotion to Russia, even when, for reasons of his own, he co-operated with the Russian and German Governments. It would seem that the reasons for his retirement, though they will not be generally known, are understood by the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH. He is said to have accepted the resignation of his principal Minister with courteous regret; but it is not recorded that he professed either surprise or hesitation. Prince BISMARCK has had no opportunity of expressing his feelings on the occasion; but he can scarcely fail to regret the retirement of a consistent and serviceable ally. The friendship of Count ANDRASSY must have been more acceptable because he succeeded Count BEUST, who has through life opposed the aggrandizement of Prussia. As Minister of Saxony, before the war of 1860, Count BEUST had in vain endeavoured to form a league of the secondary German States against the preponderating influence of Prussia and Austria. After the defeat of Sadowa, as Prime Minister of Austria, he concluded the arrangement by which Hungary was reconciled to the Emperor and King. In 1870 he was only prevented by the precipitancy of NAPOLEON III. from concluding an alliance with France against Prussia. Count BEUST can scarcely now become a candidate for his former office, both because his name would not be acceptable at Berlin, and as the author of the Constitution of 1867, which is not regarded with unqualified good will by the majority of the newly elected Austrian Parliament.

It is possible that Count ANDRASSY's resignation may have been caused by changes rather in domestic than in foreign policy. The Conservative or reactionary party has obtained a victory in the Austrian elections, and the new Ministry naturally represents the majority. Some members of the Cabinet are zealous supporters of protective tariffs; all of them are probably inclined to court the good will of the Church; but in Austria and in Austro-Hungary political interest attaches rather to the special circumstances of the Monarchy than to the questions which divide parties in other Continental countries. The claims of Bohemia and Galicia to provincial or federal autonomy threaten the supremacy of the German population, and they are scarcely consistent with the equality of Hungary and Austria. In former Parliaments the Czechs and the Poles have sometimes refused to take their seats; and the Government has had to exercise much dexterity in avoiding serious ruptures. It is perhaps fortunate that in Austria divisions of race and language have for the most part not coincided with social stratifications. In Italy the agitation for territorial extension is confined to democratic Republicans, but the

Bohemians, the Galicians, and the Hungarian Slavs are represented by great aristocratic families which possess influence at Court and in the army. The occasional intrigues of Bohemian malcontents with Russia have been conducted by humbler agents, but a large section of the nobility and many generals of high rank have habitually followed the lead of the Archduke ALBERT, who has always inclined to Russian policy. It is understood that the members for Galicia and Bohemia intend to take their seats in the present Parliament. If the report is well founded there can be no doubt that they have stipulated for corresponding concessions. A compromise with the party of provincial independence would almost necessarily involve a conflict with Hungary, which has also alien communities within its borders. Count ANDRASSY, who was charged with the delicate duty of preserving harmony between the two equal constituents of the Monarchy, was probably unwilling to countenance the pretensions which may be advanced by the new Austrian Government. It is thought probable that Mr. TISZA, the Hungarian Prime Minister, will voluntarily, or by necessity, retire with Count ANDRASSY, who is his close ally; but the existing complications of Austrian and Hungarian politics cannot be fully understood in default of minute special knowledge. The new Cabinet of Vienna will probably not be indisposed to follow Count ANDRASSY's example in confirming and extending Austrian dominion in the provinces which lately belonged to Turkey. The negotiations for the occupation of Novi Bazar are apparently still proceeding.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

EVERY one will agree that, for certain purposes, the Metropolitan Police is a most admirable force. At a crowded crossing during the season the constable on duty is the very personification of strength combined with gentleness. The proudest coachman and the most prancing steed obey his nod; the youngest child and the most irascible woman are grateful for his guiding hand. At a crowded evening party the policeman is equally valuable. He contrives somehow or other to bring order out of chaos, and to put the right people into the right carriages under conditions which make the problem seem almost hopeless. In their more commonplace functions unfortunately our police are not equally satisfactory. Especially they are not satisfactory in the detection of crime. The statistics on this point go to show either that the dexterity of the criminal classes has grown very much greater during the past ten years or that the dexterity of the police has grown very much less. In a very significant table which is printed in the appendix to the Report for 1878 we find set side by side the number of indictable offences against property, the number of persons apprehended for them, and the number of convictions obtained during the years from 1869 to 1878 inclusive. From this we learn that the number of offences committed fell from 14,258, in 1869, to 9,943, in 1875. From that time it increased again until, in 1878, it stood at 14,409. This is not as discouraging a variation as it may at first appear. London, it is true, has gone back in respect of crimes against property to the point at which it stood in 1869. But it has gone back absolutely, not relatively. There were a million more human beings in the metropolitan district in 1878 than there were in 1869; so that, when allowance has been made for this, the number of crimes will be seen to have diminished by twenty-one per cent. Besides this, the years down to 1875 were years of great and general prosperity, and prosperity naturally tends to reduce the temptation to commit crimes against property. It is when we come to the proportion of criminals arrested and convicted that the figures become really discouraging. In 1869 there were 14,258 offences committed, 3,224 persons apprehended, and 2,331 convictions obtained. In 1878 there were 14,409 offences committed, 2,536 persons apprehended, and 1,886 convictions obtained. That is to say, while there were 151 more offences committed in London in 1878 than in 1869, there were 688 fewer apprehensions, and 465 fewer convictions. The number of apprehensions and convictions last year was actually less than in the year 1871, when the number of crimes committed was only 10,330. This is a result with which the public have just reason to be discontented. The police are main-

tained for two great purposes—the maintenance of order and the detection of crime; and, as regards the latter of these, there is a steady decline in the efficiency of the force. The Director of the Criminal Investigation Department sets out in a separate Report the defects in the system which existed down to last year. It was found, he says, “that there was insufficient centralization of criminal records, weak cohesion between the several units, scanty interchange of information, and defective supervision.” These errors have now been remedied. The detective establishment has been consolidated, higher pay is given to the men employed in it, careful regulations have been laid down for the guidance of the officers. Yet, with all this, the result is what we have seen—fewer apprehensions and fewer convictions, in combination with more offences.

In other directions the Criminal Investigation Department seems to have been as energetic as could be desired. Letters have been written in abundance, and the Director mentions with just pride that foreign police forces are always dealt with in their own language. It is pleasing, no doubt, to know that the linguistic powers of the English police are exciting wonder throughout Europe; but the commonplace Londoner who has had his goods stolen may be pardoned for wishing that the force knew a language or two less and a criminal or two more. The Director is apparently on the best possible terms with other police forces. At least his “constant aim is to prove that there is no duty more agreeable or more satisfactory to the Metropolitan Police than that which is imposed by the several counties, cities, and boroughs.” It is praiseworthy in a department which has so signally failed to bring its own criminals to justice, to be so ready to co-operate with other police forces in dealing with their criminals. The Director is evidently entirely free from the sin known to theologians as envy of another’s grace. Towards the close of his Report it seems to have dawned upon the Director that the results he has to show are not quite what the public desire, and think that they have a right to look for. Accordingly, he calls attention, by way of excuse, to the difficulty that attends the proof of identity in cases of burglary. The thieves have no feeling for the reputation of the department, and they persistently get rid of the stolen property in the shortest possible time. When there is evidence of identity the excellence of the force comes out, and seventy per cent. of the offenders are arrested. Mr. VINCENT might as well say that, if the victim of a robbery would only hold the thief till a policeman came, one hundred per cent. of the offenders might be arrested. The use of a police force is to detect crime in the absence of evidence of identity. When it is once known that the man in custody is the man who has committed the offence, the function of the police becomes almost formal. The public want their protectors to be a great deal sharper than they are themselves. The Director, of the Criminal Investigation Department seems to be of opinion that, if the police and the public are on the same level in this respect, the public have no right to complain.

It is plain, we think, that the newly-instituted department is a complete failure, and the point that primarily calls for inquiry is whether this failure is one of conception or of execution. Is the idea of a separate department of Criminal Investigation a bad one, or is the defect to be looked for in the present constitution of the department? It is not very hard to describe what the constitution of such a department ought to be. All the acutest and most experienced men in the force should be drafted into it, and, above all, the Director himself should be an officer intimately acquainted with the habits of the criminal classes and thoroughly trained in the piecing together of fragmentary evidence. We do not profess to know how far the recently-appointed Director answers to this description, but we think that the public would be fully justified in demanding, with some urgency, full information upon this point. A man may fairly claim to be judged by results rather than by antecedents, when the results are satisfactory. But when the results are the very opposite of satisfactory, it is time to consider antecedents; and, with the number of crimes committed increasing, and the number of arrests and convictions decreasing, this state of things has certainly been reached.

Among the other duties that are thrown upon the Metropolitan Police is that of enforcing the Smoke Nuisance Abatement Acts; and it may seem encouraging that the number of such nuisances reported during 1878

was the smallest for many years past. It turns out, however, that this decrease does not imply any corresponding improvement in the atmosphere of London. It is simply due to the fact that the police no longer report nuisances arising from hotels, restaurants, and such like premises where steam-engines are not used. So long as the smoke comes from an ordinary fire, no matter of what dimensions, nothing is now done to interfere with it. The air may be just as much polluted by the smoke arising from these fires as by that which comes from steam-engines—indeed, in the aggregate, considering how many more there are of them, it is probably very much more polluted; but the police recognize no pollution except one. It is not, however, their fault that their labours are thus reduced. They now refrain from reporting smoke nuisances not caused by steam-engines because the Law Officers of the Crown have given their opinion that trades which do not employ steam-engines are not liable to the penalties provided in the 16 & 17 Vic. c. 128. In that case, all that can be said is that the sooner these trades are made liable to these penalties the better. For many years it was supposed that the Act applied to all trades in the process of which sufficient smoke was generated to cause a nuisance. Even under this more extended application of the law the atmosphere of London has not become too pure; and when it is found, long after the Act has been in operation, that a large proportion of the trades which have hitherto been restrained from creating nuisances are really free to do so at their pleasure, it is the business of the Home Secretary to introduce an amending Bill, which shall at least put the inhabitants of London in no worse a position as regards smoke than they have been for the last quarter of a century. If the Metropolitan Police are gradually ceasing to be available for the detection of crime, it is all the more important that their energies should not be restrained in other directions.

AMERICA.

IT would be difficult, and perhaps intrusive, for a foreigner to take much interest in American domestic politics as long as they relate to the distant nomination of candidates for the Presidency. Mr. SHERMAN is still delivering speeches in Maine; while Mr. BLAINE, Mr. CONKLING, and other Republican leaders watch his progress with jealousy, and General GRANT’s friends congratulate themselves on the silence and absence of their candidate. Nothing has lately happened to affect the comparative strength of the Republicans and Democrats, unless indeed the Greenback party or the Labour party should, through a separate nominee of their own, detach a certain number of votes from one or both parties. General BUTLER is so far satisfied of the possibility of forming a third party that he has once more become candidate for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, with an ulterior view to the Presidency. On this occasion he has not repeated the revolutionary doctrines on which he lately relied; and it is not even known whether he still cultivates friendly relations with the Californian demagogue KEARNEY. In Pennsylvania the Republican managers have not yet committed themselves to the choice of a nominee; but it is expected that the CAMERONS and their friends will eventually decide in favour of GRANT. Neither party troubles itself with the advocacy of any political theory, except that the cross division on questions of currency still affects the Democrats in a smaller degree than the Republicans. Trials of strength between the great parties, and personal rivalries within their limits, provide the community with a mild and not unwholesome excitement. No American citizen doubts that the national prosperity and power will continue to increase under any President or Legislature which is likely to be elected. Every man takes a natural interest in the success of his party; but, unless he is a professed politician, he encounters defeat with perfect equanimity.

In addition to the question of the Canadian Fisheries, two subjects which have some connexion with foreign relations have lately attracted the notice of the American Government. The Panama Canal and the Mormon immigration from Europe are thought to require attention. It is said that Mr. EVARTS has addressed to several foreign Governments a request that they will co-operate with the American representatives abroad in discountenancing the emigration of a sect which has severely

strained the large social and religious toleration of the United States. The American Government indeed professes indifference to the creed of the Mormons, as of any other religious body, but popular feeling has been not unnaturally aroused against the practice of polygamy. The founder of Mormonism had not included in his doctrine the scandal with which his so-called religion has since been notoriously associated; but it is scarcely the business of Gentiles to recall the Latter Day Saints to the orthodox purity of JOE SMITH. The barbarous system of polygamy provokes just reprobation; but the institutions of the United States are not well adapted to even laudable purposes of persecution. The attempt to suppress a vicious system associated with a superstitious belief may perhaps be successful, and in any case it will be a curious and instructive experiment. There is no wilderness in which the Mormons can, like their predecessors, take refuge when they are driven out of their present home. The power of the United States now extends in fact as well as in name from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and railroads have invaded the territory which was once thought secure from interference. The Mormons might perhaps plausibly argue that worse practices than their own are allowed to exist in the most civilized States at Oneida and elsewhere, but the laws of all countries distinguish between mere profligacy and abuse of the marriage contract.

Like the still more objectionable communities of Socialists, the Mormons have economic and administrative merits which have prevented the collapse of their obnoxious moral system. The Mormon leaders long since organized an elaborate system of emigration, which has mainly provided them with recruits from England and Wales and from some of the northern parts of the Continent. The emissaries from Utah have rendered it possible for poor and ignorant converts to cross the ocean, and to traverse the wide distance between the seaport and the Salt Lake City with comparative ease and comfort. On their arrival at their destination they are provided with remunerative work, and at the same time they feel themselves subject to an authority which it is difficult to resist. It was a proof of BRIGHAM YOUNG'S sagacity that he never attempted to introduce among his followers the theories of liberty and equality which are popular in all other parts of the United States. He perhaps preferred proselytes from Europe who had not imbibed the prevalent American doctrines. Under sagacious guidance a laborious and thrifty community had attained much prosperity when the Mormons were first compelled to endure the neighbourhood of unsympathizing strangers. Even polygamy was not without its economic advantages when three or four wives in a household, instead of resembling the indolent denizens of an Eastern harem, were expected and compelled to be diligent female servants. Although polygamy may be a spurious excrescence on the true Mormon faith, it has probably become the only bond which keeps the society together. Nobody any longer pretends to believe in the Book of Mormon, printed from stereotype plates which once passed as golden tablets sent down from Heaven. If the Government and Congress can abolish plurality of wives, the sect, having first become innocuous, will speedily disappear. Appeals to the principles of religious liberty and of the American Constitution will be properly disregarded; but it is surprising that the Government of Washington should ask for foreign aid in a lawful enterprise. It may be hoped that the inevitable abstention of England from interference will not be misconstrued. No class of society in this country has the smallest sympathy with Mormon doctrines; and in case of need the members of the sect would not escape prosecution for bigamy. For the most part the existence of the sect is unknown, except perhaps in some remote corners of Wales. If the raw material of the Mormon community is grown in this country, the creed is propagated by emissaries from America who desire to secure immigrants, and not to establish branch societies abroad. It is impossible to subject emigrants to a religious test, even if it were desirable to detain victims of a degrading delusion. If the American Legislature thinks fit to establish an inquisition into the faith of new-comers, it will act within its right, at the risk of incurring serious inconvenience. Foreign Governments, or at least the Government of England, will necessarily remain neutral in the matter.

In dealing with projects for inter-oceanic canals the Americans may perhaps have less legal right, but they have greater power of giving effect to any wishes which

they may entertain. The mere rumour of an objection to the Panama scheme has apparently stopped the subscription to the stock of the French Company. Perhaps M. DE LESSEPS may be engaged in negotiations with the Government of Washington; but it is surprising that so experienced a projector should have in the first instance overlooked a necessary condition of success. At the Conference or meeting at which he formally announced his intended enterprise he proposed that it should be placed under the protection of the petty local Government. As soon as the nature of the undertaking was known, American politicians intimated that it would be necessary to obtain the concurrence of the United States; and it was understood that the Cabinet shared in the general feeling. The sovereign rights of the Republic of Columbia may be complete and undisputed, but the paramount Power of the American continent has long since asserted a superior right of control which none of its neighbours to the South will seriously dispute. The mere demand of the Government of the United States enforced the evacuation of Mexico by the army of NAPOLEON III., who was then in the height of his power. A mere hint will be more than sufficient to compel the possessors of the Isthmus to refuse or withdraw concessions to a foreign commercial Company. It is hardly worth discussing the justice of an interference which can be easily made effectual; but it cannot be said that the United States would not be justified in claiming a share in the control of the undertaking. A Panama Canal would give a connexion between the Eastern and Western coasts of the Union, and consequently the American Government would have at least as good a right to insist on security of transit as that which is exercised by England in the case of the Suez Canal. It is not improbable that the objections which have been raised may be withdrawn if M. DE LESSEPS satisfies the American Government that its claims will be conceded. The European States are much more likely to suffer from inequality of treatment. Unlike the Suez Canal, the Panama Canal would be virtually possessed by a Power of the first rank.

THE DAIRA REPORT.

THE Report of the Controllers on the affairs of the Egyptian Daira Sanieh has just been published, and is a very able and interesting document. It is mainly the work of Mr. MONEY, the English Controller, one of the best of the new brooms that England has sent to sweep Egypt clean. Mr. MONEY has all the skill and experience of an Indian official, and brings to his difficult task unflagging industry, an honourable sense of responsibility, a determination to go to the bottom of things, and the courage to stand up as occasion may require to the Egyptian Government, Egyptian officials, and to European friends or rivals. The facts which he states, or accepts, may be taken to be as nearly true as anything can be when it is Egypt that has to be spoken of; and his Report not only throws light on the situation and prospects of one set of Egyptian creditors, but contains matter which may suggest serious reflections to all those who are interested in Egypt and in the strange problem which our Government has undertaken to solve. Primarily the Report is, of course, addressed to the holders of the Daira Bonds, which represent a nominal capital of nearly nine millions sterling, and form a charge on the vast estates the administration of which Mr. MONEY is helping to control. If we attempt to discover what is the real position of the Daira bondholders we must begin by asking what is the revenue they may expect to receive from the property pledged to them? The interest on the bond debt at five per cent. amounts to 429,000*l.*, and it appears from the statements furnished by Mr. MONEY that in 1878, when the crop of sugar was good, the revenue from the property sufficed to meet the charge for interest. In 1879 he estimates that, as the sugar crop is bad, the revenue from the property will fall short of the charge for interest by 160,000*l.* In other words, the property gives in a fairly good year five per cent. on the money advanced on it, and in a bad year three per cent. The peculiar circumstances which make this year exceptionally bad, a low Nile having been followed by an inundation, cannot often recur; and even if there were as many bad years as fairly good years, the bondholders would get an average of four per cent. on their money. To this must be added the one per cent. which

the Government is to give. Mr. RIVERS WILSON only offered to pay the one per cent. when the revenue of the year fell short, as a contribution to make up five per cent. as far as it would go. Thus in fairly good years, when five per cent. could be paid from the property, the Government would pay nothing, and in a year like the present, when only three per cent. can be obtained from the property, the contribution of the Government would only convert the three per cent. into four. The native Government which succeeded that of Mr. RIVERS WILSON has offered to pay one per cent. under any circumstances, and if this proposal was carried out, the contributions of the Government which would not be wanted to pay five per cent. might be held as an insurance fund against bad years, and an equalized interest of five per cent. might be relied on. In the present year there would with the contribution of the Government be four per cent. for the bondholders. They have already had a half-yearly coupon, that is two and a half per cent. paid in April, and they would thus receive in October one and a half per cent., leaving one per cent. to be carried forward. Supposing next year there was a fairly good sugar crop the property would yield five per cent., and according to Mr. WILSON's plan, the Government would pay nothing. According to the plan of the present Government, the Government would pay one per cent., and thus the deficit in the October coupon of this year would be made good next year, and the bondholders would on the average of the two years have received five per cent. It is needless to say that the amount and conditions of the contribution of the Government will now be determined not by the native Ministry, but by the foreign Powers who have taken Egyptian finance under their control. But the bondholders may fairly claim that at least the proposal of the native Ministry shall be taken as the minimum of what the State is to do for them. It falls much below what they were promised by the Egyptian Government when their old bonds were converted, and they accepted the position offered them under a very positive contract. For then the KHEWIVE undertook that in good years he would provide a sinking fund, and in bad years would make up the interest to five per cent. But, in the general collapse of Egyptian finance, the Daira bondholders cannot expect to get all they were promised, or, at any rate, cannot expect to get it at once; and, if they get enough from the State to bring up the revenue from their property to an equalized dividend of five per cent., they may not find much reason to complain.

The above would be a sufficiently accurate, though rough, sketch of the position of the bondholders if the Daira was not in debt. But it is in debt, and must be got out of debt if the bondholders are to enjoy the free revenue of their property. To his unspeakable regret Mr. MONEY has seen the Daira getting deeper in debt ever since he arrived in Egypt. He thinks he has now got to the end of these extraordinary liabilities; but they have been very serious and very harassing to an honourable and capable man, who hoped he was going to start with a clear field. The great mass of the Daira creditors accepted the arrangement made two years ago; but, as always happens where there is no legal power in a majority to bind the minority, some stood out, got judgments, and had to be paid off. 280,000*l.* has already been paid under this head, and 80,000*l.* more has to be paid this year. Then the expenses of the new mortgage were very heavy, the duties on registration alone exceeding 20,000*l.*, and some sums were found legally to be due by the Daira, although they had been always treated as due from the KHEWIVE alone. He made last year a payment of 60,000*l.* to the Daira on account of his special liabilities to it through these unforeseen debts being cast on it; but he either could not or would not pay anything like what he ought to have paid in order to put the bondholders in the position to which, under the contract, they were entitled. At the end of last year the Daira owed 300,000*l.* On the other hand, it had then, in the form of unsold crops and unpaid rents, about 240,000*l.* There was thus a balance of 60,000*l.* against it; and it has to pay this year, as above stated, 80,000*l.* to clear off its judgment creditors. Thus, to be free, the Daira must find 140,000*l.* The difference between the revenue of the property this year and the amount used in providing for the April coupon gives a balance which, added to the one per cent. promised by the Government, almost exactly suffices to clear off this liability. So that, if the Government pays—and it is now paying by degrees—and the bondholders receive nothing in October, they ought to start next year

clear; and then, if there is a fair crop next year, they will get five per cent. from their property; and the Government contribution, if it is continued to be paid according to the terms promised by the existing Ministry, will form a fund which in two and a half years will pay off the October coupon of this year. The true position of the bondholders is therefore this. If the representatives of the Powers ratify and fulfil the proposal of the present Ministry, the bondholders will have to go without their interest in October, will afterwards get five per cent., and will some day have the overdue October coupon paid to them. If the terms ultimately imposed on the bondholders are those suggested by Mr. RIVERS WILSON they will go without their interest in October, never have it repaid them, and get in future years sometimes four and sometimes five per cent. At the same time it must be understood that the full amount of the October coupon is owed to the Daira on account of money which it has had to pay, but which the KHEWIVE was bound to pay. If, therefore, the October coupon was paid, it would be paid, strictly speaking, not out of borrowed money, but by money applied for the purpose as against an equal amount which the Government is bound to pay; and it is not to be assumed that the Daira will regard this claim as in any way waived.

It may be hoped, as Mr. MONEY points out, that some day the revenue from the property may be increased. There is a wide room for improvements both in cultivation and in administration. But, although it is certain that things might be made better, it is hard to say where and how to begin. What Mr. MONEY says as to some of the more serious of the obstacles in the way of improvement deserves attention, for the Daira estates form a large slice of the land of Egypt, and what is true of them is more or less true of Egypt generally. These estates are divided into numerous little centres of administration known as Teftishes, and each Teftish does business on its own account, keeps, or omits to keep, its own reckonings of incomings and outgoings, and goes into debt or has money in its hands as the case may be. The Teftishes pay their expenses of administration out of the produce of the lands they let and the cereals they cultivate. The verification of accounts as regards the Teftishes thus becomes a verification merely of the fact that the Teftish recognizes having received so much material, having gathered in so much produce, and expended so much money either as material, or as wages paid in kind, or as charges of administration. This gives room for peculation or concealment, and it also makes it almost impossible for those who are trying to introduce good management to understand what is happening on the estates; and the same system of subdivision of accounts or interest runs through everything in Egypt. The Daira, for example, had to pay a sum of 18,000*l.* for the expenses of the Canal, which irrigates its estates. Instead of being paid in one or two instalments, it was paid in about thirty, and the money was paid not to the same branch of the Government, but to half-a-dozen branches, among the payments being petty sums for biscuits and bread supplied to the workmen. It is easy to understand how troublesome it is to deal with an administration which, like that of Egypt, is still in its infancy; but the second obstacle to improvement is much more grave. Under the contract with the bondholders the KHEWIVE was to administer the estates, and it was hoped that he would be sufficiently prompted to administer efficiently, because the greater was the yield the less he would have to pay out of his Civil List. But last year the KHEWIVE declined to fulfil his engagements, on the plausible ground that he did not get his Civil List paid to him. As he had not to pay, he felt a decreasing interest in the Daira, and at last it became more and more difficult to get him to give any attention whatever to Daira matters. He had other things to think of, and contented himself with giving no answer to the communications addressed to him. But this was not all. In Egypt the Government is everything, and, when it became known that the Government was indifferent to what happened to the Daira, the local officials began to give trouble, and they can easily give much trouble if they please. The tenants of the portion of the estates which is let also began to reason with themselves that they need not be very punctual in paying what they owed. They were afraid of the wrath of the KHEWIVE if they were behind-hand, but they were not afraid of the wrath of any one else. No one who reads Mr. MONEY's Report can doubt

that, unless it is understood that the Government wishes the affairs of the Daira to go on smoothly, the petty vexations to which the administration is subjected will increase, and the revenue will fall off. Now that the KHEDIVE is no longer present with a strong personal motive to make him administer the estates well, the system of administration must be changed. The Controllers must not watch the administration, but administer, or there will be no motive power to keep the administration going. But they cannot administer profitably unless the Government actively supports them and they are recognized as having the position and power of Government officials. In the same way the general administration of Egypt cannot be reformed, and its revenues raised to the proper point, except by the Government. Checks on the Government are not enough. The Government must be constantly impelled in the desired path. What the Western Powers have really undertaken to do is not to make the Egyptian Government abstain from occasional bad things, but to be perpetually urging it to do a vast variety of small good things. It has to discharge this arduous task in conjunction with one principal and more than one subordinate colleague, and it may be safely said that the enterprise is without any precedent in political history. At the same time the English Government will try hard to fulfil its undertaking, and will probably try not unsuccessfully so long as our relations with the great European Powers remain on as friendly a footing as at present.

THE FERRY BILL AND FRENCH OPINION.

THE close of the Parliamentary Session has not deprived the French public of opportunities for discussing the 7th Clause of the FERRY Bill. M. PELLETAN'S Report on the petitions against the Bill has only now been published, and the Session of the Councils-General will be principally taken up with this engrossing subject. M. FERRY may, at all events, claim the praise of having given his countrymen abundance of employment during the recess. A measure which must be passed or rejected next Session yields more amusing matter for debate than the merits or demerits of a policy which is over and done with. When we look at the speeches which have already opened the recess in England, it is difficult not to envy our neighbours the fresher matter with which the energy of M. FERRY has provided them.

The advocates of the 7th Clause will probably try to make capital out of the unflattering description which M. PELLETAN gives of the way in which many of the signatures to the petitions were obtained, as well as out of the fact that the Republicans command a majority of votes in the Councils-General. As regards the method of getting signatures, it is very easy to dwell too much on it, and M. PELLETAN has not resisted the temptation to do this. It is quite true probably that, in order to obtain many of the signatures, the clergy drew largely on their imaginations. They desired to frighten their flocks, and they were not scrupulous as to the shape or size of the bogey that they conjured up for the purpose. The estimate of the FERRY Bill arrived at under these influences would be neither accurate nor unbiased. The Curés seem in many cases to have attributed to the 7th Clause whatever consequences they thought their hearers would most dislike. But, when every necessary qualification has been made on this ground, we are still confronted with the fact that a very large number of Frenchmen dislike the 7th Clause, and wish the teaching of their children to remain in the hands of the religious orders. That the less intelligent section of the clergy should have resorted to violent exaggeration in order to get the petitions signed does not prove that these petitions would not have been signed if there had been no such exaggeration. It is quite possible that a rational statement of the economical and political results of turning the religious orders out of the schools would have made a deeper impression upon some of those who signed the petitions than the extravagant appeals which were actually addressed to them. A foolish man will set about his work foolishly, and it does not at all follow that the Curés whose sermons are quoted by M. PELLETAN did not offend some of their hearers by the very method which excited others to action. Let it be granted, however, that, if these methods had not been employed, the number of signatures

to these petitions would have been very much less; what does this prove? Not that those who dislike the 7th Clause or are under the influence of those who dislike it are any the fewer, but simply that their enthusiasm required to be stimulated. It is quite conceivable that out of a room completely filled with English Liberals many more would go up to the table and put their names to a petition if they had been listening to a speech from Mr. GLADSTONE than if they had been listening to a speech from Mr. MUNDELLA. Yet this would simply mean that they had been more excited by the one style of oratory than by the other. It would imply nothing at all as to the sincerity of the hearers' Liberalism. In the same way there may have been many peasants who were induced to add their names by the violence with which the Curé denounced the 7th Clause, and yet would have been opposed to the clause, though not so hotly opposed to it, if the Curé had never said anything out of the common against it. It is not the strength so much as the diffusion of a feeling that is of importance in politics. A large number of persons disliking a measure moderately may be more fatal to it in the long run than a small number disliking it intensely. If M. FERRY could be closeted with such of the signers of these petitions as were induced to sign by the violent denunciations of the clergy, there is no reason to suppose that he would persuade one of them to sign a petition in favour of the 7th Clause. He might induce some of them to withdraw their signatures from the petitions against the clause on the ground that the Curé had made out the mischief to be greater than it really was, and that on second thoughts it was a matter which they need not go out of their way to meddle with. But this would not in the least prevent them from distrusting the Government which had brought in the Bill, or from disliking the policy to which they stand committed. Apart from these considerations there is the further one that the number of signatures to the petitions do, at all events, show how strong the influence of the clergy still is. Of course opposite inferences will be drawn from this fact, according to the disposition of the reasoner. To some it will appear as an additional motive for voting the 7th Clause. The influence of the clergy, they will say, is sustained by the teaching of the religious orders, and consequently the only way of abolishing it is to banish the religious orders from the schools. But the more cautious and commonplace politician will be inclined to take a different line. He will treat the existence of a wall as a reason, not so much for pulling it down, as for not running his head against it. It is a serious thing, he will say, to quarrel with the whole body of the clergy on a matter in which they can command the support of some millions of the laity. If we must quarrel with them at all, it would be better, they will argue, to choose a question in regard to which the clergy would at least be isolated.

Much the same thing may be said of the votes of the Councils-General. The law which forbids these bodies from passing political resolutions, or rather which empowers the Government to cancel them as soon as passed, is not to be applied in the present instance. Probably the Government knew that whether it were applied or not the result would be the same. The cancelling of a resolution does not affect the fact that it has been voted; and as the opinion of a Council-General is only important as an indication of public feeling, its value is not in the least lessened by a measure which merely shows that upon this point the Government are at issue with public feeling in a particular department. The supporters of the FERRY Bill are evidently prepared to find cause for triumph in the fact that a majority of the Councils-General will be on the side of the Government. In the sense that to escape a defeat is to win a victory, this may be true. If a majority of the Councils-General pronounced against the FERRY Bill, it would indicate a revolution in popular feeling which might destroy the Government. But supposing, as is more likely, that only a large minority of the Councils-General pronounce against the Bill, the fact is still very significant. The change which the 7th Clause of the FERRY Bill proposes to effect is one that can only be carried out successfully if an overwhelming majority of the nation is in favour of it. It is not a measure the excitement about which will die down as soon as the law has been promulgated. Every instance in which it is put into operation will be a distinct grievance. Every school that is shut up because its leader is a mem-

ber of a religious order will reopen the controversy. Of course a majority which commands the Executive power can bid defiance to all opposition. But when this majority is a small one, the chances of its long remaining a majority are few. A very slight change in opinion will be enough to turn the scale, and there are two causes always at work which tend to bring about such a change. The fringe of the majority itself will usually be composed of lukewarm spirits who dislike offending one large section of their countrymen even more than they like pleasing another large section; while outside both the majority and the minority there is always a considerable body of opinion which in ordinary times cares little about politics, but is usually disposed to exert a moderating influence in opposition to the extreme party which happens to be uppermost. It is true that this outside body is nowhere more timid and less ready to make itself unpopular than in France. But, in the present controversy, the minority attacked by the FERRY Bill is large and influential, and the risk incurred by taking part with it will be less in proportion. The votes of the Councils-General will testify to its existence and importance, and will thus give a preliminary encouragement to those who want the resolution, rather than the wish, to reinforce it.

POOR LAW ADMINISTRATION.

THE Report of the Local Government Board for 1878-9 which has lately appeared is more than usually interesting. It is not, however, as interesting as some of those who take it up may expect to find it. The collection and arrangement of the statistics of poor relief is a very serious business, and the returns as yet are only complete up to the 25th of March, 1878. The figures given in this report do not therefore show what has been the effect on pauperism of the severe weather of last winter. But they do show what has been the effect on pauperism of the long depression of trade which had preceded the severe weather of last winter. Even in the year ending on the 25th of March, 1878, the strain on the resources of the working classes had become very considerable. If, therefore, the country was, as regards pauperism, not much worse off in 1878-9 than in previous years, there is some reason to believe that the secret of sound administration has at length been in some measure disclosed to us. On the whole, it may fairly be said that the country has stood the ordeal well. It was not of course to be expected that the relief of the poor would cost no more money in a bad year than in a good year. The long-continued depression of trade naturally left its mark both on 1876-7 and on 1877-8. In the former year the total Poor-law expenditure was 64,176*l.* more than in 1875-6, and in 1877-8 there was a further addition of 288,616*l.* But, if the comparison is carried further back, the result is more encouraging. The expenditure on poor relief in England and Wales in the year 1877-8 amounted to 7,688,650*l.*, being in excess of the expenditure in either of the four years immediately preceding. More, however, was spent in 1872-3 and in 1871-2; and considering that in the interval the population had increased by more than two millions, and that trade in 1872, though not flourishing, was still very much better than in 1878, this fact speaks well for the growth of wiser methods in dealing with pauperism. It is satisfactory too to learn that the growth of population and rateable value has been more than proportionate to the growth of expenditure on poor relief. In 1876-7 the rate per head on the population was less than in any year since 1865, and the rate in the pound less than in any year since 1834. In 1877-8 the comparison is less favourable, though even in the latter year the rate in the pound was less than in any year since 1834, with the exception of 1876-7. The depression of trade has unfortunately checked the decrease which had been in progress in the ratio of outdoor to indoor relief; but the increase of outdoor relief since 1876 is in part accounted for by the school fees which have been paid by the Guardians. The number of paupers in receipt of outdoor relief still, however, looks formidably large by the side of those in receipt of indoor relief. The mean number of the former class in the year 1877-8 was 569,870, the mean number of the latter class 159,219.

Although the statistics given in the Report do not come down to last winter, the reports of the Inspectors do. In December last the Board directed their particular atten-

tion to the probable increase of distress consequent on the long frost. All the Inspectors sent in reports, and from these a very fair idea can be formed of the extent of the distress, so far as it came under the notice of the Poor-law authorities. In the metropolitan district and in the agricultural counties to the south and east of London there was no excessive pressure on the Guardians. In Dorset, Hants, and Wilts the number of paupers on the 1st of January, 1879, was actually less than on the same day in 1878. In the counties of Leicester, Lincoln, Nottingham, and Rutland the increase of pauperism in some of the Unions was nearly balanced by its decrease in others. In Chester and Stafford the distress was great, especially in the Potteries; but it was met so liberally by private and organized charity that the Poor-law authorities saw but little of it. At Stoke-upon-Trent the workhouse test was strictly applied, and the result was that there were fewer paupers than at the corresponding period of the previous year. It was also found that the offer of the workhouse was not accepted by any of the dock labourers at Birkenhead who applied for relief in consequence of a strike. These reports give some suggestive facts with regard to the comparative economy of outdoor and indoor relief, as well as others which throw doubt upon the wisdom in all cases of the charity which was largely dispensed during the winter. The distress at Sheffield was relieved for some time by voluntary subscriptions, and when the MAYOR'S Fund was all spent, the Board of Guardians was asked to deal as liberally as possible with those who had hitherto been supported out of the Fund, and who now that this was exhausted must of necessity come upon the rates. The Guardians promised to pay careful attention to all such applications, and they "gave no intimation whatever . . . that could check by anticipation 'any person really in want from asking to have their 'wants relieved.'" It was naturally supposed that, under these circumstances, the Guardians would have been besieged with applications. Large numbers of persons had been receiving assistance from the MAYOR'S Fund, and now that this assistance was to be withdrawn, where could they go except to the Guardians? Apparently they found it possible to do without assistance. The applications for relief were not more numerous after the exhaustion of the MAYOR'S Fund than they had been before. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne funds which were raised to prevent people from falling into the condition of paupers were largely appropriated by those who had long been in that condition. This was shown by the fact that, whereas in previous winters, when these funds were not in existence, sixty or seventy men had regularly obtained outdoor relief, under a labour test, during last winter there were not ten such men. The rest no doubt found it pleasanter to apply to private charity to be kept off the rates than to apply to the Guardians to be helped out of the rates. With rare exceptions the experience of the winter, so far as it is embodied in this Report, points to a very real improvement in the method of dealing with pauperism. It tends more and more to become really synonymous with destitution, and only the ignorance or the mistaken kindness of Boards of Guardians prevents the progress in this direction from being much more rapid than it is.

During the last twelve years there has been very great amendment in the treatment of the sick poor. The severe rules which are indispensable in the workhouse may be relaxed without danger in the workhouse infirmary. The object is to make the pauper well again as soon as possible. It is not true economy to keep on the rates a man or woman who might be earning their own living, if a little additional outlay were employed to take them off the rates. It seems almost like going back to another century to read the reports made to the Poor Law Board of the treatment of the sick poor shortly before the passing of the Metropolitan Poor Act in 1867. In Bermondsey there were no means of isolating fever cases, and no separate kitchens for the sick wards. In St. Olave's the same complaints are made, with the addition that the pauper nurses could not read the labels on the bottles. In Rotherhithe the sick wards are described as defective as regards light, ventilation, and lavatory accommodation. This is only a sample of the accounts given in 1867 of all the London workhouses; and against them all the Report is able to set the fact that nowhere is this state of things more than historical. In all the metropolitan Unions the sick are now provided for in a separate infirmary under medical superintendence apart from the

workhouse, and with a staff of trained nurses. The agitation evoked by the Reports of Mr. FARNALL and Dr. EDWARD SMITH has done what it was meant to do, and a system of great cruelty has been abolished without any additional burden being thrown on the ratepayers. Considering how little effect a movement of this kind often seems to produce at the time, it is satisfactory to find that it is not useless in the end. As Poor-law administration improves the recipients of relief will more and more consist of three great and permanent classes—the sick, the old, and the very young. The treatment of these classes may fairly be regulated by different and less severe principles than those which are necessarily applied in cases of adult destitution. It is satisfactory that the perception of this fact should be steadily making its way among those who have to do with the distribution of poor relief. The Local Government Board has, perhaps wisely, gone to work in an exceedingly gradual and cautious fashion, but its labours are at last beginning to bear visible fruit.

ROVING SOCIETY.

IT is sometimes said that the civilized man is marked by a love of fixity of relations. If this is true, there must be a great many persons who are very imperfectly civilized. Those are to be congratulated, if indeed there are such, who never feel a little weary of their customary surroundings, or would be glad for awhile to have to do quite a different kind of work, and to move among perfectly unlike scenes. While most of us know this craving for a new environment as an occasional and passing impulse, some persons appear to experience it as a constant and ruling motive. To these anything like a fixed or stationary mode of life is irksome. They always want to be on the move. Their minds appear to be consumed by a spirit of restlessness, which has very much the look of a survival of an instinct from a remote nomadic stage of human development. It is sometimes thought that this craving for a rambling life is accompanied by, if not an outgrowth from, a feeling of weariness in regard to ordinary society with its conventions and code of rules. In certain cases this is no doubt true. The curious fact that a young man born into aristocratic society may show a fantastic preference for a wild rambling life with nothing but a makeshift of society has been illustrated in more than one well-known instance. In such cases the dislike of fixed and permanent relations is accompanied by a strong distaste for the conditions of refined social life. The whole behaviour indeed strongly suggests the idea of a reversion to a past type of social development. But this is by no means the common case. A man may be possessed by the spirit of a wanderer, without throwing off his ordinary social instincts. We are apt to forget how many people there are who now form units in a roving and constantly shifting kind of society. Numbers of these, for example, whom the tourist meets in the autumn at a Swiss *pension* are people who pass their whole time in moving from place to place. You may light on them now at some tourist's hotel, now at a sea-side boarding-house, and now at a hydropathic establishment. Follow them where you may, you will never find them shunning the companionship of ordinary men and women. So far from this, they invariably gravitate towards certain centres of itinerant society. Nay, more, it will be found on close inquiry that they are particularly careful to resort only to such places as promise a sufficiency of this roving society. They will shun the hotels where there is no table-d'hôte, and where people keep aloof from one another. Thus they show plainly enough that, whatever their reason for seeking frequent change of scene, it cannot be weariness of society.

There would be nothing very remarkable in all this if people frankly admitted their motives for adopting a migratory kind of social existence. There seems to be no reason in the eternal fitness of things why people should not take their society on the wing, so to speak, as easily as at home and at rest. What makes it so noteworthy is the fact that those who choose this mode of life commonly seem desirous of giving themselves out to be fugitives from society. So far from seeking society, they are bent on making you believe that they are anxious to escape from its claims and restrictions. There are two things which these roving persons seem specially desirous of making clear—first of all, that they have had a good deal of society at home, and, secondly, that they are heartily sick of it. Take, for example, a very common figure in these resorts of migratory society—the querulous bachelor who has done too many London seasons, and is broken down in consequence. He affects a cynical contempt for society which is apt to be striking, more especially to the younger portion of his audience. He is ready to agree with one of Dickens's heroes that the success of one's social ambitions means not so much your getting into society as society getting into you. He lets you know, with an air of perfect nonchalance, that he has dined at this or that club and frequented this or that drawing-room. He dons the look of one who has been cruelly bored by all this social dissipation. It is much the same with the rather loudly-dressed matron whom one usually meets in these halting-places of fugitive society. She will tell you of the dinners and receptions she has given, and

assures you that there is nothing in all this to compensate for the labours and cares of keeping up an establishment. She, too, has had her fill of society, and is glad to escape from it. That there is a little unreality in all this is apparent. These much-injured persons cannot in truth be weary of all society, otherwise they would not be so careful to secure it on their rambles. They may perhaps be tired of a certain kind of society, or of some of its particular members, but they are by no means wishful to eschew all varieties of it. What, it may be asked, is the meaning of these little deceits and exaggerations?

A good deal of this talk about the oppressiveness of fashionable life must be put down simply to a desire to produce a certain emotional effect. To pose as one who has tasted all the sweets of social privilege, and is touched with the malady of *ennui* in consequence, is pleasant enough. There is something almost sublime to the unsophisticated mind, which regards society as a mysterious region of glory, in the spectacle of a man who has penetrated all its secrets, and exhausted all its delights. And our roving *ennuyé* is apt to assume that his hearers are outside the charmed circle into which he has been privileged to enter. But this is not the sole reason why this kind of talk is so common among the members of roving society. People would hardly get up these elaborate hyperboles simply for the sake of exciting a momentary wonder and admiration. The fact seems to be that these fugitives from stationary society are wont to look on their migratory habits as a thing requiring explanation. They know that from the point of view of a staid British householder this nomadic existence looks questionable, if not decidedly reprehensible. In other words, they feel themselves in the position of persons who have something to apologize for. And so they have recourse to a line of defence which promises not only to justify them as *bona fide* members of good and decent society, but to cover them with a certain kind of glory.

We fear it must be said that a closer acquaintance with this kind of society is likely to justify, in some measure, the good British householder's way of looking at things. We do not of course mean to say that there are none who choose a rambling life from motives which will bear the fullest inspection. We know that there are many persons in this over-worked age who require frequent changes of social scene as a remedial agency, and to whose wants a life of flitting from one halting-place of itinerant society to another is very well adapted. But we suspect that in the generality of cases where there is no question of ill-health, the aims of people in returning to this nomadic type of life are not, to say the least, of the most exalted. At any rate, the real motives are not such as they wish to divulge. We may assume that the people who move in the stream of travelling society are really seeking the pleasures and excitements of social intercourse, and the only question is why they seek them in this particular way, while at the same time they affect to despise them. Very unlike reasons may determine people to join this roving population. Some do so because they find they can get the quantity of society which they think indispensable at a far less cost than at home. A sensible woman may grow tired of the cares and labours of housekeeping on a large scale, and may deliberately prefer taking her chances of pleasant companionship for herself and her family in this changeable social world. There is nothing discreditable in this resolution, and it is only to be regretted that such persons have not always the candour to admit their real motives. Very often, however, there mingles with such considerations a motive which it is only too natural to wish to hide. We do not here refer to the conceivable case of a person who has suffered social outlawry at home. We would hope that such instances are too rare to need mention. A more common case is where a mother of unmarried daughters thinks that by moving from place to place and encountering, so to speak, fresh relays of society, she will indefinitely extend the chances of a marital conquest. More especially will this motive be likely to work when the home is a quiet provincial one, and when social prejudices prevent the attainment there of a kind of companionship which is naturally judged to be suitable to the young ladies' expensive style of culture. One would like to know how many persons and families take to this roving life because it offers them the only chance of getting society at all. It is obvious that a *pension*, for example, gives to many an opportunity of social intercourse which the home would never offer. At such a temporary meeting-place people are in a measure forced on one another's notice, while there is naturally much less criticism directed to one's temporary companions than to one's permanent acquaintances at home. Thus there are, for example, the bashful young man and the plain though estimable young woman, who are apt to be neglected at home, but who may find due appreciation among a less critical roving society. Even that plague of private drawing-rooms, the conversational bore, is tolerated in these temporary social structures. For there is hardly time for him to weary you by his monotonous platitudes or disgust you by his incorrigible conceit, and in any case you know there is a ready mode of escape when this disagreeable stage of the acquaintance is approaching. In truth, this modern institution of roving society may be said to be a kind of beneficent agency fitted to mitigate the evils of natural social laws. It is to the struggle for social existence what the workhouse—if the juxtaposition may be pardoned—is to the struggle for individual existence; it gives those a chance of surviving who would otherwise be swept away in the rude conflict. For the rest, it may be said that many of those who seek society in this form are persons

who frequently require the stimulus of new acquaintances, for the very good reason that they are incapable of appreciating a more permanent and solid form of companionship. They are persons without fixed interests, of but few ideas, and of crude undeveloped tastes. Consequently they do not offer much material for a relation of deep and lasting sympathy. They soon exhaust the sources of interest in their companions, while in turn they are soon exhausted by the latter. Thus they need a constantly renewed society offering plenty of scope for sudden sentimental likings which soon wear themselves out.

Viewed as a surplussage of unassimilated material, excreted, so to speak, by that delicately adjusted organism known as polite society, this outlying roving population forms a curious phenomenon. It is interesting to observe the types of mind and character which appear to be wanting in the conditions of success in the severe competition of respectable stay-at-home society. It has been said, we believe, by Mr. Darwin, that it is the mediocre rather than the superior intellect which in these days commonly succeeds in the struggle for existence. And there may be found in some of these resorts of roving society types of character which are interesting and estimable in many respects, although they do not contain the elements of brilliant social success. To the social observer, again, this shifting society is interesting, since it illustrates on a small scale most of the processes which underlie and determine the forms of fixed society. Although in a sense, and to some extent, outcasts from home society and inimical to its forms, these shifting aggregates will be found to shape themselves on the model of the older institution. Thus one finds that, however small the circle that gathers at one of the resorts of this roving society, a process of spontaneous segregation of units into separate social ranks very soon begins to manifest itself. Select innermost coteries form themselves in exact imitation of the most exclusive ranks of fixed society. On the borders of these, we may observe on the one side the eager ambitions, the rivalries, and the heart-burnings, and on the other side the snubbings and scrutinizings, which characterize our more familiar social life. In these and other ways this shifting and loosely connected type of society becomes in the end a mimic representation of the larger, more stable, and more highly organized society at home.

JACK AMONG THE JOURNALISTS.

"ITS little good comes out of writing for newspapers," said Captain Shandon some thirty years ago, and the Captain knew what he was talking about. We are not going to say that much good comes out of writing for newspapers now, for the public might not believe it, but how virtuous, moral, regular, Christian, and manly are the morals of the modern compared with those of the ancient newspaper man! The year of grace 1850 is as much a thing of ancient history as the date of the first Olympiad, when Corœbus landed himself the winner of the long-distance race. The press and its children have forsworn punch, and have taken, one may almost say, to living cleanly. These reflections are forced on us by the perusal of an old, old letter, written in faded ink, on faded paper. The date of the epistle is about 1850. The author is writing to a friend about a young man who wishes to betake himself to literature, or to journalism, as a profession. Some of the things he says are eternally true; the meaning of others has passed as a vapour that passes, as the smoke of a yesterday's pipe. Though old letters are, as a rule, somewhat melancholy reading, a fact attested by magazine poets generally, this forlorn epistle proves rather comfortable to the student. It shows that in the progress of the race the newspaper man is not left out, that even he is moving onwards to untrodden peaks of respectability where Captain Shandon never dreamed of venturing his neck.

Jack was the name of the young neophyte about whom the writer of the letter which lies before us was concerned. If Jack is scientific, the writer has to tell him that he will never make a penny by his pen, or by his writing-machine, as we should say nowadays. "Scientific papers are rarely paid for. The honour of an insertion is considered sufficient equivalent." The correspondent is speaking only of scientific periodicals, for journals at large in that old world of thirty years ago knew science only by the contemptuous name which it still bears in one of the Universities. Here is a great change. Popular science is now, to put it plainly, remunerative. Editors will pay to know why flowers are flowers, why the human frame is less hairy than that of the gorilla, why birds' wings are eminently well adapted to the exercise of flying, and the like. The great public is also interested in astronomy, it dotes on geology, and may even be interested in archaeology, if the archaeology be that of truly Biblical nations. About Greek and Roman antiquities men will never, in all probability, interest the great subscribing public. Science, however, now commands a respectable price. Its slang invades novels and social essays. A man's reputation is more or less blasted when he is thought unscientific. Thus, if Jack had lived in our enlightened age, he might have made a very fair income out of the popular science which was once sufficiently rewarded by the "honour of insertion." To be sure, even thirty years ago, as our letter-writer informs us, Jack might have tried to establish relations with *Chambers's Journal*. If he had sent his contributions to *Bentley's* or *Fraser's*, "the editorial answer would have been that our staff is complete." At that period "manuscripts, as a rule, are never returned." Now every literary

beginner knows that manuscripts are terribly apt to be returned; and a sorry spectacle indeed is that of a manuscript which comes back (like the boomerang) to the hand which discharged it.

Science has become a paying article, but poetry, we fear, is still what our letter-writer describes it. "Poetry is a drug in the market." Poetry was a drug in the Alexandrian market twenty-one hundred years ago. Theocritus (whom the *commis-voyageurs* of letters would now be happy to employ) describes his own disgust when his rejected manuscripts returned to him. They trooped back, he says, with faces bowed and with dusty feet; they sneaked into their old place in his desk; "there is their drear abode, when they bring no earnings home." What Theocritus says was true thirty years ago, as it is to-day. No one, not even Edgar Poe, ever made a competence by writing verses for the magazines. "An editor," says our letter-writer, "may insert a piece in compliment to the poet; but *tin* gives him none." Now he sometimes does give him "tin," especially when his name is a useful advertisement. The poet, indeed, who gives away his verses is precisely like the prose-writer who makes an editor a present of his prose—"he is a fool *ex officio*."

From magazines, which were unsatisfactory enough, the guide and friend of Jack turns to newspapers. If Jack would be a journalist, he declares, Jack must make up his mind to these six things. He must be ready—

1. "To write at a moment's notice."
2. "To write sick or well."
3. "To write day or night."
4. "To submit to some mortifications."
5. "To make disreputable acquaintances, occasionally, or at least, to be brought into contact with men of no principle."
6. "After a year's trial must make up his mind to get thoroughly disgusted, and have a disrelish for literature."

If Jack was deterred by these considerations from becoming a journalist, Jack must have been what the slang of that period called a "muff." There is surely no great hardship in having to "writate a moment's notice," and, as to writing "sick or well," no man engaged in business or in professional life can afford to nurse every cold and every headache. There are "mortifications" in all positions from the statesman's to the omnibus conductor's, and politicians as well as most other men of the world have to "make disreputable acquaintances occasionally." Even Dr. Johnson, a strict moralist, allowed that such acquaintances might be useful and amusing, though he remarked that we cannot hope to meet them in a happy future, and so must make the best of them in this life.

It is the horrid profligacy of the children of the press that most disgusts our moralist. "I shall give you a specimen," he says, "of the low class of literary man," and he does not conceal his belief that most literary men are low, and will persecute virtue out of the profession:—

It is not often lately [writes the didactic one] that I have been out of my lodgings after ten at night. Last night I went to a meeting of the "Tomkins Club," on purpose to see Bustler about Jack. The "Tomkins Club" is, on the whole, a gentlemanly club. The conversation is generally confined to literature, politics, authors, &c. To my surprise I found three Unitarian preachers there. This was at the "Welsh Rabbit." One of the members, at breaking up, had occasion to see a gentleman at the "White Serpent," in Fleet Street. Bustler and I accompanied him. Here another literary coterie meets; reporters, penny-a-liners, small editors, "own correspondents," and the like. They were in the full zenith of their orgies, punch, wine, smoke, jokes, puns, and whole rivers of filth, blasphemy, lewdness, devilry. . . . I was bespattered with praises *ad nauseam*. I might have swum in liquor, but for once I put on the strong man. There was no retreating. The door was bolted, and until one this morning the infernal row was kept up. An adjournment was proposed to the "Yellow Bear," and I was dragged along Fleet Street with the devil's own crew, who were hooting, yelling, spouting, singing, until the "Bear" was reached. Bustler and I were the only two rational men in the gang. We agreed to cotton together, and fight our way out, if must be. The coterie at the "Bear" have distinct interests from those of the "White Serpent." I could see there were jealousies and rivalries. Soon came high words and fightings, pots and glasses were shyed, and it was difficult for the innocent man to avoid these missiles, seeing that the room was one cloud of tobacco smoke. We did not make our escape till four o'clock this morning.

After this long narrative the adviser of Jack says that Jack will have to be hail-fellow-well-met with these noisy gentlemen, if he wishes to succeed in literature.

Is not this like a scene from some tale of Babylonian revels, or of the excesses of Mycerinus? 'Tis only thirty years ago, and what a gratifying diminution of rowdiness among men of letters have these thirty years beheld! A drunken editor in Fleet Street would excite as much amazement as a Mastodon. Who throws pots and glasses now in the tap of the "White Serpent"? Is there any "White Serpent" any more? Is punch a liquor known to any one but the scholiast on Dickens's novels? Do "coteries" still exist, these fine old coteries of which our didactic letter-writer was thinking? If A., who writes in the *Period*, will not booze with B., does B. threaten to withdraw his own valued articles unless those of A. are pitched into the waste-paper basket. The whole noisy life has become an impossibility and an anachronism. It has been discovered that there is no necessary connexion between gin and journalism, any more than between punch and special pleading. The gents who used to booze in the "Yellow Bear" have risen in the world. They belong to gilded clubs far from the classic "Welsh Rabbit." They go to races on the drags of dukes. They interview professional beauties and "the common Hangman," and retail the good things of the very highest personages. They have forgotten what "early purl" was like, and they sport a scientific acquaintance with brands and vintages. They call lords by their Christian names—

in print. Every one, in short, is much more respectable and refined than was the journalist of thirty years ago. A slight difficulty with grammar, an inability to print Latin quotations correctly, a tendency to speak of people as "clever but astute"—these survivals in style still remain and bear witness to the old rowdy days of porter and reporters.

By a pleasing coincidence the fragment of ancient history on which we have been commenting reached us in company with this piece of information:—"A Correspondent (of the *Pall Mall Gazette*) states that a proposal has been made to form a religious guild for persons connected with the press, 'from the editor to the stoker's boy at the engine.' The rules are that the members should pledge themselves to go to some place of worship at least once on Sundays, and, if possible, once on week-days; to spend five minutes a day in private prayer; to be temperate in dress, speech, and food" (nothing is said about drink); "to be friendly with those with whom they work; and, if possible, to induce them to join the Guild."

Here is a pleasant contrast to the journalism of thirty years ago, when men spent many more than five minutes a day in public profanity! One seems to see the "stoker-boy at the engine" trying to induce the editor to join the Guild, and timidly saying, "What, never!" when the latter assures his young friend that he never uses naughty words when the wrong nobleman is libelled by the lively leader writer.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AT BIRMINGHAM.

IT was only to be expected that on his return to England Cardinal Newman would receive the formal congratulations of the Roman Catholic body in this country on his elevation to the purple. There can be no doubt that Leo XIII. had rightly interpreted their mind, and indeed the mind of Englishmen generally, in judging that they would appreciate the compliment paid to one so eminently deserving of the highest honour his Church had to bestow. Among Roman Catholics that feeling has been dormant, or at least kept in reserve, during the last pontificate, when Dr. Newman's name was known to be held in small reverence at Rome; but all the more eagerly and universally has it been avowed since another spirit has become dominant at the Vatican, and the present Pope is well known to have said to many eminent personages that he designed this act of his to be "the programme of his pontificate." The amount of the presentation fund raised for the new Cardinal is not stated, but the Feast of the Assumption—observed in France under the late régime as the *fête Napoléon*—was selected for the delivery of a congratulatory address from the Committee, followed by similar addresses from the Poor School Committee, the Committee of St. George's Club, and the Catholic Academia, of which Cardinal Manning is the president, to each of which Cardinal Newman made a separate reply. There are some points in the address of the Committee of the Presentation Fund, which is alone published in full, as well as in the Cardinal's replies to this and the other addresses, which are worth noting, though of course there is always a certain air of formality, not to say unreality, about such documents. Cardinal Newman himself however never speaks at random, or without putting some distinct meaning and purpose into his words, and if his replies to those friendly felicitations have not the general interest and significance of the carefully prepared discourse on dogmatic belief which he delivered at Rome on the occasion of his elevation to the Sacred College, they still suggest many topics for reflection. The opening address, evidently compiled by a convert of a very controversial turn of mind, enumerates at some length the claims of the new Cardinal to distinction, giving a sort of summary of his literary career before and since his conversion to the Church of Rome, and hailing him by the fivefold title of "theologian, philosopher, historian, preacher, and poet," who has thrown over his work in each domain alike the light of genius. Of this statement there is no need to complain, nor is it to be wondered at that the "Catholics of England, Ireland, and Scotland" should do their best to make controversial capital out of the career of so distinguished a convert. After speaking of his great services to the Anglican Church, and the vast personal influence he wielded at Oxford, "such as had never been reached by any minister of any rank in the Established Church during the three centuries of its existence," the address proceeds:—

The effect of twelve years of unexampled work as its defender, terminated by your conversion, was to impress upon thinking minds, even though they did not follow you in your submission to the Catholic Church, the conviction that the system which you had left could never again be defended upon the principle of authority. It was a great example, the force of which all felt could never be exceeded. It needed the united gifts of nature and grace, matured in a life of piety, to bridge the chasm of ignorance, of calumny, and of antipathy which then divided Englishmen from the Church, and in you the work was done by the providence of God.

Then follows an account of his writings and influence in the Church of his adoption. One passage only need be specially noticed here, because it virtually endorses the "minimizing" views of the Vatican decrees put forward in the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*. We have italicized a few critical words:—

With regard to the position of Catholics as members of the great spiritual kingdom in reference to the temporal State in which they may be cast, it is fresh in our remembrance that when the decree of the Vatican Council defining the infallibility of the Supreme Pontiff was called in question, and an attack upon the loyalty of Catholics to their Sovereign grounded upon

that decree, you responded to a general call that you should take up our defence, and in a short treatise grasping all the bearings of a delicate and complex subject, you satisfied the utmost demand of an over-excited public opinion; you even turned it in our favour; you spoke, and the impeachment of our loyalty fell to the ground, and we stood acquitted and justified.

In his reply Cardinal Newman wisely passes over the controversial portions of the address, and says nothing of Anglicanism. He does however dwell on what he calls the political or external aspect of the Catholic Church. "The Holy Father, the Hierarchy, the whole of Catholic Christendom, form not only a spiritual but a visible body, and as being visible they are necessarily a political body. They become and cannot but become a temporal polity." It would be a great mistake to infer from these words that the Church, according to Cardinal Newman's idea of her functions, ought to mix herself up in what are commonly understood by political controversies. We take him to mean simply that in her own domain the Church is necessarily a visible and imperial power, "an Ecumenical Empire." He explains indeed that he is "not speaking of a temporal dominion, but of temporal pre-eminence and authority, of a moral and social power, of a visible grandeur which even those who do not acknowledge it feel and bow before." His words, to be rightly understood, should be taken in connexion with one of the best known and most impressive as well as the earliest of his Oxford sermons, on "the Visible Church for the Sake of the Elect," where the correlative view of the exclusively internal and spiritual object of the Church's work on earth is insisted upon—a sermon which he has himself, if we mistake not, referred to and reaffirmed in principle in his later writings. He spoke no doubt in his Oxford sermons also of "the Christian Church as an imperial power," but it was in the sense and with the limitations already indicated, and he is evidently speaking in the same sense now. A visible body extended over the world, with an organization, hierarchy, and laws of its own, believed to be in their origin and principles of divine institution, must inevitably be regarded by its members and must appear to the world without as a polity or empire, and it may easily become, as in the middle ages it often showed itself, a political power in the more ordinary and vulgar sense of the term. But this is an accident of particular ages or states of society; it is an accident which, so far as we can judge from his writings, Dr. Newman has never specially sympathized with or admired, still less betrayed any desire to recall.

There is however more of directly personal feeling, and self-revelation, so to say, in the Cardinal's replies to the addresses of the Poor School Committee and the Academia, and we can readily credit the report that they were listened to by those present with deep emotion. He tells us in the first something about his University life at Oxford, and in the second something about his literary labours, and his own way of regarding them. In replying to the Poor School Committee the Cardinal is naturally led to deal with the subject of education, though he has never been directly concerned in the work of primary education, which is we presume their special function. He expresses his satisfaction that, with whatever shortcomings, he has done something in his time "for the great work of education," and goes on to observe that in his old Oxford days he set himself to a task "of making the school as also the lecture room Christian," and that as a tutor of Oriel he maintained "even fiercely" that his employment was distinctly pastoral. He considered that by the *status* of the University a tutor's profession is of a religious nature, and therefore he would only accept or retain the office on this understanding. He adds that he has felt justified on the same principle since his ordination to the priesthood in not undertaking parochial duties and allowing himself a wide range of secular reading and thought and of literary work. In short he considers the educational to be included under the priestly office, and that "a college tutor has the care of souls." Such a view of tutorial obligations at Oxford was intelligible enough, and not uncommon, at the time when Mr. Newman was a Fellow of Oriel, and nine-tenths of the college tutors were clergymen; it could hardly be maintained now when the great majority of them are laymen. But that is another matter. The main interest of the passage lies in the revelation of the speaker's estimate of the high importance and sacredness of the work of education, to which through life so much of his time and attention has been devoted.

In replying to the address of the Academia, a literary society established by the late Cardinal Wiseman, he refers, as is only natural, to his own literary efforts, and appears to consider the multifarious merit ascribed to him under "five great names" a somewhat ambiguous commendation. The variety of subjects on which he has written rather suggests to him the thought that to be various is generally to be superficial, though he does not blame himself for a variety which could not be avoided, inasmuch as he has seldom written without some special call, though he has ever felt it to be an unpleasant necessity, and has envied those who were free to devote themselves to some one science or line of research. In the preface to one of his previous works, the *Lectures on University Education*, Dr. Newman makes a similar apology for the miscellaneous character of his writings, on the ground that he has "rarely been master of his own studies," and with two or three exceptions, has never chosen his subject for himself, but has been prompted to take it up for some special occasion or necessity or call of duty pressing on him at the moment. And it would be easy to verify this statement in detail by a reference to the subject matter and immediate occasion of his successive pub-

lications. But if this be matter of regret to the author, it can hardly be other than matter of congratulation to his readers. In his case to be various has not been to be superficial, and though he might perhaps have achieved greater eminence in some one particular department of speculation—say as a theologian or an historian—by confining himself to it, he could hardly have found the same scope for the play and energy of so brilliant and versatile a genius as a specialist. Theology might possibly have been the richer, but the world would certainly have been the poorer for his concentration of mind on one subject exclusively. Life is indeed too short for universal knowledge, but it is surely no paradox to say that nobody can understand any one subject thoroughly who understands nothing else. And it is the peculiar felicity of Cardinal Newman's method of treatment that, whatever particular subject he is engaged upon, he never forgets its bearing on other branches of knowledge and their bearing on it. If he is rightly described as at once theologian, philosopher, and historian—and, let us add, classical scholar—he is all those together and not by turns. He is a theologian alike in his *Historical Sketches and History of the Arians* and in his *Grammar of Assent*; he is philosophical in his *Sermons* and his poetry, and historical in his treatment of Christian doctrine. His works sparkle with illustrations and *obiter dicta* which often have an independent interest of their own even greater than their immediate value as bearing on the argument in hand. And the force and interest of his treatment is always indefinitely enhanced by that marvellous vigour and purity of style, that almost absolute command over the resources of his mother tongue, to which the addresses do not apparently allude, but which the English public has long felt to constitute one main charm of his writings and secret of their power. It is conspicuous equally, though in very various forms, in the transparent simplicity of the *Apologia*, in the subtle philosophical analysis of the *Grammar of Assent*, and in the most highly-wrought rhetoric of the *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*. And this mastery of language must itself be partly due to the wide range of subject-matter on which it has been from time to time employed. There are few living writers in whose works, though they may not cover a tithe of the same space, it would be so difficult to point out a passage, which is tame, or bombastic, or obscure. We can hardly be wrong in assuming that Cardinal Newman has secured himself one distinction which is by no means an heirloom of the Sacred College, and is beyond the power of sovereign or pontiff to confer. While the English tongue survives, his works are not likely to be forgotten.

NERVOUSNESS.

THERE are fashions in maladies, as in other things, and well-bred people should take care that they are never attacked by vulgar complaints. Death itself society always more or less resents as a mistake; but it is considered allowable in these days to "succumb" to typhoid fever, which is the only fatal disease recognized in polite circles. If, however, we are at liberty to die of this complaint, there is a minor one from which we may without offence suffer during life, and the title of this malady is "nervousness." We are old enough to remember the time when a nervous patient was always attended by a strong-minded satellite, calling himself a valet or travelling servant, but who was in reality a keeper from a private lunatic asylum. Now, however, every sentimental hypochondriac is said to suffer from nervousness. Whatever may be the matter with a man, from *ennui* to toothache, if he is in the least danger of a pill or the dentist's forceps, he avows himself to be the victim of nervousness. The treatment of nervous diseases has become a recognized speciality, and just as some doctors will tell you that you are suffering from gout, pulmonary affection, or Bright's disease, according to the ailment which it is their special province to cure, so will others, under precisely similar conditions, inform you that you are the victim of shattered nerves. Such practitioners have much to answer for. As it is a pity that certain people ever learned to write their names, so it is a still greater pity that certain others ever discovered that they possessed nerves.

Nervousness is one of the most anomalous of human attributes. The Duke of Wellington is reputed to have said in a paradoxical mood that he would prefer leading an army of cowards to any other, and it is doubtless true that men of extremely nervous temperament often display the most intrepid bravery on an emergency. It is quite conceivable that young and timid soldiers may be too much frightened to run away; and we are by no means convinced that there is no foundation of truth in the Irishism that people may be "too frightened to be afraid." It is possible for a human being to be so alarmed that he dare not think about danger, and, rather than pause for a moment to contemplate the perils which threaten him, will rush madly into action, if only to banish the thoughts which would appal him. Nervousness and courage frequently go hand in hand. A horse which will shy at a sparrow is often a bold hunter; and a woman who screams when a gun is fired will sometimes ride very hard with hounds. Those who are childishly nervous about paying a visit to the dentist will perhaps face a terrible operation, or even death itself, with comparative calmness; and we once knew a wonderfully fearless man who had a childish dread of meeting a funeral. Lord Byron, who was

always prepared to accept challenges, and practised for hours daily with his pistols, was a coward on horseback. To say that a man is nervous often simply means that he has an imaginative mind, which, under circumstances in which others feel no apprehensions, sees dangers, conjures up every evil that could possibly happen, and is haunted by recollections of accidents that have occurred under similar conditions. Again, nervousness consists in an intensely susceptible state of the perceptive organs, and it is a curious paradox that in some things men are proud and in others ashamed of such a condition. Thus they are proud of being good judges of wine and cookery, which means nothing more than that their palates are nervous and delicate; they like to be considered connoisseurs of works of art, which implies that their optic nerves are highly sensitive; and they profess a refined horror of bad music and bad smells, which signifies excitability of the nervous tissues of the ears and nose. Yet they would be ashamed to have it believed that they would dislike active military service, in which they would have to encounter inferior wine and cookery, loathsome sights, heartrending sounds, and pestilential odours. If at home they lived like Spartans, or if they were to own that their accustomed luxuries were but idle indulgences, they might be consistent; but we can conceive no greater contradiction than the simultaneous profession of delicate tastes and military ardour. Much of what is usually and appropriately termed nervousness is involuntary. Trembling affords a good example of this. It is quite possible to tremble without feeling in the least afraid. This want of control over the nerves is not only inconvenient, but sometimes fraught with evil consequences. Surgeons and schoolmasters of the mildest dispositions have, when performing the corporal operations incident to their professions, committed actual brutalities through sheer nervousness; and dogs have been said (by their owners) to bite, and horses to kick from the same cause; but the origin of such unpleasant results is a source of little comfort to the kicked or the bitten, the patient or the schoolboy. Men with excitable nerves, although they may be weak and unstable, become heroes of forlorn hopes, save the lives of others under desperate circumstances, and give heroic sums to charities when suddenly appealed to. Yet in every-day life the same people frequently prove timid, fanciful, weak, and foolish. Most of us probably know instances in which old officers who have been distinguished by their brilliant personal bravery have almost nullified the services they formerly rendered to their country by the flagrant follies of which they were afterwards guilty in civil and social life.

The nervousness which proceeds from a direct fear of pain is generally regarded as of the most despicable character. But in summing up condemning it people are too apt to overlook the fact that fearlessness often proceeds from thoughtlessness and dulness of intellect, and that pain affects some men far more than others. A familiar instance of this may be obtained by tickling two children, when it will probably be found that the one enjoys, while the other dislikes, the process. But in the endurance of sensations which are more or less painful to everybody, there can be no doubt that some suffer mere irritation where others go through agonies. Men may conceal their pain, and in certain cases it is well that they should do so; but to dread pain is natural, while to be indifferent to it is unnatural. There is nothing nobler than to endure pain patiently for a good object, but there is no special virtue in mere indifference to it, apart from its cause. Besides the actual fear of suffering, the knowledge that they have not the power of concealing their feelings makes some people appear more nervous than perhaps they really are. It is possible to be more afraid of seeming nervous than of the actual suffering. Again, the varieties of nervous susceptibility are shown by the different manner in which the distress of others affects various persons. One perhaps may be utterly indifferent to it; a second may be annoyed at seeing the unpleasant spectacle; a third may simply moralize; a fourth may profess sympathy; a fifth may take absolute pleasure in it; and a sixth may appear to suffer almost more than the actual victim. If any one wishes to make a practical experiment on this point, let him take half-a-dozen men of different temperaments to see an operation performed, or let him lead them through the surgical wards of a hospital while the surgeons and dressers are going their rounds.

A very different, though equally curious, description of nervousness is that which is commonly known as "fidgeting." Although women are usually considered to be more nervous than men, they certainly fidget less. Put an equal number of men and of women to sit for half an hour upon armchairs with loose chintz covers and antimacassars. When the women rise, the general appearance of their seats will be little altered; but when the men leave their chairs, there will remain visible evidences of a screwlike action upon the chintz, and it will be a miracle if half the antimacassars are not torn from their places. Or if a lady and gentleman converse together beside a drawing-room table covered with knick-knacks, the former will not touch them, but the latter will select some object and nervously play with it in a meaningless manner. One of the most wearisome and provoking forms of fidgetiness is that known as "pacing the quarterdeck," in which the offender traces and retraces a short space of ground or carpet, like a wild beast at the Zoological Gardens when feeding-time draws near. In this habit, and in any of the many other ways in which a man can show that he has got what children term "the fidgets in his legs," he has the power of making an intolerable nuisance of himself. The arch-fidget of history was the great Napoleon. Not only

did he pace up and down, but he also whittled chairs and tables, and did other naughty things for which a judicious nurse would have tied up his hands in fingerless gloves. Such habits are but forms of nervousness, and it is certain that Napoleon was essentially a nervous man. To look nearer home, the British bar affords splendid examples of nervous fidget. Observe barristers pleading a cause. How they torture a piece of red tape, how they twirl their eyeglasses or spectacles, and how they hitch at their garments, as if they momentarily expected them to desert their finely proportioned figures. But, worse than the Q.C.'s, and even worse than the domestic peripatetic, is the villain who is abandoned to a performance vulgarly known as "the devil's tattoo." Who shall describe the horrors of this evil habit? An organ-grinder is an enemy to mankind, but the tattoo-beater surely owes his origin to something worse than human. For such criminals, and indeed for most men who are given to making morning calls, we would suggest that digitariums should be provided in every drawing-room. These harmless instruments might then be the means, like scientific toys, of combining amusement with instruction.

A curious feature of the forms of nervousness we have just described is that they produce nervousness in others. They are, in fact, infectious, although the symptoms vary in different patients. The man in a fidget, the pacer up and down, and the tattoo-beater render other people, if anything, more nervous than themselves. It is humiliating to be forced to yawn by seeing another person yawn; but it is still more mortifying to be fidgeted by the fidgetiness of others. In a sick room a nervous person is unendurable, from the woman who perpetually fancies that her patient is in want of this, that, or the other, to the man who drums with his fingers upon the window-panes. The more strictly mental forms of nervousness are equally troublesome to the friends of the sufferer and to himself. He is miserable himself, and he makes those around him miserable. The wife has no bed of roses who is perpetually informed by her husband of slights which his imaginative mind supposes to have been offered to him; nor is it pleasant to her to hear the faithfulness of her friends constantly impugned, or to be told that, if things go on as they are doing at present, it is far from unlikely that the family may have to give up their nice house and go into lodgings, and that it is possible that the girls may have to go out as governesses.

There is no kind of doctoring or education which requires more tact and skill, more patience, more firmness, and more forbearance, than the cure of nervousness in others. It is often an inherent disease, which will only submit to eradication during youth; and although it usually yields easily to judicious remedies, it becomes aggravated by irritation, and returns with increased virulence when checked by too severe treatment. In its early stages it is manageable, but in its more developed forms it is utterly incurable.

THE ACCIDENT IN THE CHANNEL.

INTREPID persons who risk their own lives in attempting to save those of their fellow-creatures are warned that their thoughtless conduct will not meet the approval of the judges of the Maritime Courts. Such is a fair inference from the language of Mr. Rothery, the Wreck Commissioner, who recently had to inquire into the circumstances attending the loss of two lives from a Channel steamer on the 22nd of July last. It may be remembered that one of the men who was drowned on this occasion threw himself overboard, and that the second mate sprang after him in the hope of saving his life. This act appears to Mr. Rothery reprehensible, and he sadly shakes his head over the headlong conduct of the young man who incurred the greatest danger in the desperate effort to rescue one who wilfully sought his own salvation. The facts of the case which elicited this peculiar expression of judicial opinion were ascertained with tolerable clearness in the inquiry which took place on Friday and Saturday last. From the evidence then given it appeared that, on July 22nd, the steamship *Albert Edward*, belonging to the South-Eastern Railway Company, left Folkestone for Boulogne at one o'clock in the afternoon, having on board a considerable number of passengers. A gale had been blowing on the previous day, and there was a considerable swell from the westward, and a nasty cross sea caused by a north-easterly wind. When the steamer had made about five miles from Folkestone, Captain Jenkins, her commander, who was on the lower bridge close to the wheelhouse, saw a passenger get on the after part of the port paddle-box, and at once ordered him to get down as it was dangerous for him to be there. The passenger obeyed, but immediately afterwards got on to the fore-part of the paddle-box, and crying out, "I must, I must," threw himself into the sea. The captain promptly gave the order to go astern, and the second mate who saw the man in the water flung a life-buoy towards him, and then jumped overboard to save the unhappy wretch's life if he could. It became necessary of course to lower a boat, but this proved a task of no small difficulty. There were two large lifeboats, but they were not outside the vessel hanging on the davits. They were inboard resting on chocks, and had to be lifted before they could be swung outboard, the efforts of thirteen men being required to lift the end of one of them. Then there was the further difficulty that, owing to the peculiar way in which the fall of the after boat tackle led, the after-gear did not work nearly so quickly as the fore-gear, and considerable caution was, therefore, necessary in lowering the boats. On

this occasion the starboard boat was got off the chocks and swung outboard. Some men got into her, and she was lowered; but unfortunately the forward fall was allowed to travel too fast, and the bow of the boat went down more rapidly than the stern. Owing to the previous night's rain she had four or five inches of water in her, which of course flowed forwards, owing probably to the extra weight which was thus brought to bear the fore davit bent, and the bow got into the water. The steamer had at the time a little headway on, and there was some wash from the paddles. Hence the strain on the boat, with the fore part in the water and the after part hanging from the davit, was very great, and it broke in two. Those who were in her managed to get on board the vessel again, with the exception of a stoker named Weekes, who was drowned. While this disastrous attempt to get the lifeboat was being made the passenger who had jumped overboard had disappeared; but the second mate had reached the lifebuoy which he had himself thrown into the water, and had kept afloat. After the destruction of the starboard boat, the port one was safely lowered, and he was brought on board. Of the stoker nothing could be seen; and, after waiting about a quarter of an hour, the vessel proceeded on her voyage.

Now there are certain facts with regard to this lamentable casualty which can hardly fail to strike any one who gives attention to the account of what occurred. Here was a vessel frequently carrying a large number of people on board, which might surely be expected to possess the ordinary means for saving life in the event of a mishap which could not be looked upon as improbable. Yet the necessity of having a boat that could be promptly got into the water was entirely ignored. Before one of the two lifeboats which the vessel carried could be used, the cumbrous process of lifting it off the chocks and swinging it outboard had to be gone through, and when this had been accomplished, it was no easy task to lower the boat into the water, as one of the tackle worked much more quickly and easily than the other. It surely required no great foresight to see that with such an arrangement loss of life in the event of any one falling overboard was, to say the least, by no means improbable, and it may well be asked whether nobody was to blame for the absence of the most obvious precautions. The captain cannot perhaps be severely blamed for the manner in which the boats were carried. He took the vessel, as he said at the trial, as she was handed over to him, and, inasmuch as repeated inspection by the Board of Trade Surveyor produced no formal and official complaint respecting them, he may have thought that there was no occasion for him to bestir himself. Still, as a seaman, he can hardly fail to have been struck by the difficulty of getting the boats into the water. Another officer who might be thought to be to some extent responsible in the matter was Captain Edward Jones, the superintendent of the packets at Folkestone, who stated in his evidence that a much better arrangement than that which prevailed on board the *Albert Edward* would be to have three or four small boats of equal cubic capacity to the two, not placed on chocks but swung out on davits. He further stated that he could alter the position of the davits so as to get a direct lead for the falls, and that he had ordered this to be done; and informed the Court that in no other vessel in the service were the davits placed as in the *Albert Edward*, all the others carrying their boats outside, except one screw steamer lately built, in which they were swung inside, but were not upon chocks. Captain Jones wound up his evidence by saying that the present arrangement of the davits was altogether bad; but that it had been made by experienced builders at Belfast, and had been passed several times by the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade official who was thus alleged to have approved of what was altogether bad stated that he had surveyed the boats in October last, and that one of them was lowered on an even keel without any difficulty. He added, however, that the working gear was not of simple construction, and that it would be wise to alter it, and said that, after the inspection, he expressed his opinion about the awkwardness of the arrangement to Mr. Earnshaw, the Superintendent Engineer of the Company at Folkestone. Either, however, Mr. Earnshaw was not impressed by this semi-official remonstrance, or else the matter was not in his province, for, from October to July, nothing was done.

As so often happens then, when an accident occurs owing to faulty contrivances, which might have been set right with no great trouble, it is difficult to say with whom the responsibility rests. Divided between several people who had different duties to perform and to no one of whom the whole blame can be attributed, it disappears. One thing, however, is abundantly clear. It was known that the arrangements for getting the boats into the water were not good, and it was, therefore, certainly the duty of those in charge of the vessel to see that everything was kept in working order, and that the crew were practised in manning and lowering the boats, so that if a man fell overboard, there might be no more delay than was unavoidable in getting the lifeboat into the water. To some extent this duty was performed. The Captain had to give a certificate each month respecting the condition of the boats, and seems sometimes to have inspected them himself, though more frequently he left the work to the carpenter. The tackle of the starboard lifeboat was overhauled every two or three days to see that it was clear, and once in every five or six weeks the boat was lowered. Strange to say, however, the precaution of giving two of the men stations at the tackle falls so that, under all circumstances, they would have to attend to them and to lower the boat, was not taken. A man was stationed at the after fall, but no one seems to have been stationed at the other. It is also to be

noticed that, though the boats were supposed to be constantly looked to, there were five or six inches of water in the starboard lifeboat when the steamer began her voyage on July 22nd. The plug-hole had been allowed to get stopped up with dirt and the rainwater consequently accumulated.

With these and the other facts relating to this lamentable casualty before him, Mr. Rothery had to pronounce judgment on Saturday last; and he gave a somewhat rambling decision, which was certainly not characterized by severity towards any one except the unfortunate second mate. Of his strictures on this officer's conduct we have spoken before, and we shall shortly mention it again. With regard to the other officers who have been mentioned, the Commissioner said, when speaking of the manner in which the accident happened:—

Owing to the very defective construction of the davit, a kink occurred in the rope which, as soon as it came to one of the leads, would stop it and prevent the after part from going down, while at the same time the man who had the forward fall was paying it out. It was admitted by Captain Jenkins and Captain Jones that this arrangement of the davit was most defective and awkward. It was well known to both those officers and to the crew that there was a difficulty in paying out the after fall, and yet it required some such accident as this before those gentlemen thought it necessary to incur the expense of altering the davits so as to do away with this most objectionable arrangement. It certainly was very much to be regretted that they should have waited till an accident of this kind happened before they made an alteration which, Captain Jones told the Court, could be made with the greatest ease, and apparently at no very great expense. But, unfortunately, that was a frequent experience in these cases. It seemed therefore to the Court that both Captain Jones and Captain Jenkins had incurred some responsibility for this casualty. In one other respect, also, blame attached to the officers. It seemed that Featherbe [one of the seamen who had given evidence] was told off to the after fall, but nobody seemed to have been detailed for the forward fall, and yet it was impossible to lower the boat unless there was one man at each fall. There was a want of system and management in not having a man properly detailed for the fall as a regular thing.

It can hardly be thought that this blame was undeserved or was too severe. With other portions of Mr. Rothery's judgment it may not be easy to concur. Respecting one matter—the bending of the davit—the opinion which he formed appears to be contrary to very strong evidence. This, however, is a point of comparatively small importance. What is of importance is his censure of the heroic second mate, respecting whose conduct he speaks as follows, after having stated at the beginning of his judgment that the mate was unable, as “he might easily have imagined, to reach the drowning man” :—

The Court was extremely unwilling that anything should be said which would at all discourage men from risking their lives in the endeavour to save the lives of others. But when men held such a position as second mate they must consider what their duties require from them. The fact that this man jumped into the water, apparently without any possible expectation of saving the life of the passenger, undoubtedly conduced very much to the disaster. In the first place, it added very much to the excitement on board the vessel; in the second place, the first mate, whose duty it was to see to the lowering of the boat, had to go away in her, and the lowering was in consequence not superintended as it ought to have been; thirdly, the fact that the second mate was in the water prevented the captain from going so far astern towards the passenger, who was struggling in the water, as otherwise he might have gone. The Court was extremely sorry to pass these remarks upon a man who undoubtedly showed considerable courage in throwing himself into the sea, but more courage was sometimes shown by confining one's self to one's proper duties.

It is difficult to read these observations without pain, and still more difficult to discover from the careful report of the case in the *Times* what foundation there was for them. The second mate appears to have sprung overboard almost immediately after the passenger threw himself into the sea, and it is impossible to understand why Mr. Rothery asserts that he must have seen that he would be unable to render help. It may safely be averred that he could not have foreseen that his being in the water would be a great hindrance to the captain, and it can hardly have occurred to him that the entire crew of the vessel, aided by the stokers and working under the eyes of the captain and the first mate, would not be able to get the boat safely into the water unless he was there to aid. At the same time, it may fairly be allowed that one thing must have been clear to him. He knew how long it took to get the boats out; and, as a sailor, could judge of the condition of the sea, so that he must have been perfectly aware that by jumping overboard he was incurring grave danger, and the worthy Commissioner has by some eccentric process of reasoning been led to the conclusion that this brave seaman put himself in very great peril when he must have known that he could do nothing. Possibly there was only a small chance of his being able to reach the poor wretch who had flung himself into the sea; but for that small chance he was willing to risk his life, and if what he did was folly, it was folly which men have always agreed to admire, and will probably continue to admire, despite the sternest condemnation of intrepidity and self-sacrifice by learned Admiralty lawyers.

BADEN—NOW AND THEN.

M. TISSOT not long ago preached something like a pathetic funeral sermon over the departed glories of the Baden of the gaming-tables. We do not know that the tone of the discourse is altogether edifying, although undoubtedly there is a deal of actual truth in it. Decorum may be an admirable thing in the abstract, but nothing, as he insinuates, can be duller in reality, and

to him the natives of a town which no longer attracts Parisians seem altogether out of place among surroundings whose natural charms have been set off by Parisian art. M. Tissot can see little to like in the Germans, and he is consistently, inveterately, and maliciously unfair to them; but waiving the moral considerations involved, most old frequenters of Baden will be disposed to agree with him in this case. The place is as it used to be, and yet it is revolutionized. Approaching it on a summer day, by the little bit of branch railway from Oos Junction, you have still the sense of being on the threshold of an earthly paradise. There is a touch of voluptuous sensuousness in the balmy air that hangs heavily in the hollows under the swelling woods. There is an exceptional softness in the waving lines of the hills that are toned down besides by the heavy masses of their foliage, in place of rising abruptly in rugged steeples from the Rhine plains as they rise further to the south towards Freiburg, in Breisgau. Unless in the gust that precedes some passing thunder storm, there is seldom any strength of wind in that sheltered recess. At most, there is but the breath of some gentle zephyr that lightly rustles the leaves, and scarcely stirs a corner of the sun-blinds. You have arrived in the hour of general repose and siesta, when the faintest sound becomes distinctly audible. You hear the long-drawn hum of the bees over the flower-beds, broken by the buzz of some obstreperous fly; the soft strains of a piano through the open windows of an hotel; a note or two by some singer who is keeping his voice in condition, or the murmuring of the Oos in its channelled bed as it rolls between flowers and festoons of trailing plants under the windows of hotels and villas. The first *coup d'œil* of Baden must always be singularly enchanting. At all Continental Baths the direction does its best in the way of landscape gardening and ornamental horticulture. In the tamest kettle-bottom or in the gloomiest valley you have the regulation alleys throwing their shade over the seats with so many thousands of “bedding-out plants” methodically arranged in the borders. Each strip of firwood has been laid out in a labyrinth of paths, with windings that lead nowhere in particular, and which, like carrier-pigeons or captive balloons, come back in the end to the point they started from. But at Baden the graceful genius of the spot seems to have inspired the experts who were called in to assist her. No expense was spared in the golden days of M. Dupressoir; but Frenchman as he was, and *parvenu* millionaire, he had the taste and discretion to do no more than was indispensable. Where the ground swells and rises in miniature highlands, nature, so far as appearances go, has been very much left to herself. The hanging steeples behind the Kursaal are a bit of the wild Black Forest, where natural lawns alternate with shady clumps; where, through each vista opened before you by some abrupt fall in the ground, you get a glimpse of the bolder eminences in the background. The landscape artist confined himself to thinning and felling judiciously; concealing so far as possible those serpentine paths which invariably, as M. Tissot observes, tended towards the doors of the gaming-saloons. While on the level stretch along the banks of the stream that runs in the valley between the town and the Kursaal, art has taken its revenge and done its utmost. There are brilliant beds of flowers that blaze in all the hues of the rainbow. Fountains sparkle to the sunshine in a setting of emerald turf, among broad-leaved, heavy-foliaged, deciduous shrubs. In the hottest days you have a feeling of coolness in looking at those umbrageous tulip-trees and glossy-leaved standard magnolias. Gorgeous borders of nasturtiums back up the stuccoed balustrades that crown the tiny terraces of the Oos, while behind them are the palatial hotels and villas, with their fantastic awnings and creeper-draped balconies. You have the summer bazaar in front of the establishment, where they sell all manner of fancy articles at fancy prices, and where, in past time, the successful player could lighten his pockets, offering substantial compliments to complacent beauty in the shape of costly jewelry and knickknacks.

The features of Baden are just as they were, but the life and spirit that used to animate them have departed. In the olden time French was the talk of the place; the Germans and the English were mere strangers and sojourners. Half Paris appointed summer meetings there, and all the visitors fell in with the humours of the scenes. The self-contained statesman laid aside his stiffness; the politician abdicated or suspended his principles; the literary man left his papers and his crotchets behind him. Even among the great ladies there was a general atmosphere of toleration, which might be relaxing or enervating, but which was decidedly soothing. Great ladies who could be austere enough in the Faubourg St. Germain or the Faubourg de Roule, seemed to abandon themselves for the time to the languor of a benevolent indifference. They might whisper piquant scandals, but they made discreet use of their fans and parasols. The lively sirens who kept a wary eye on successful gamblers were on the whole and in the daytime on their best behaviour; and as far as the brilliancy and variety of toilettes was concerned, there was little to choose between them and the great ladies. No one dreamed of going to Baden to be careful; the money that was lightly come by was as lightly spent; nineteen of the *habitués* out of twenty were sure to be cleaned out sooner or later, and it was merely a question of time and pace. The Rouge-et-noir and the Roulette might be demoralizing, but they encouraged the free-handed profusion which is the bastard sister of generosity. Anyone who was popular in Bohemian circles might have almost anything they pleased for a hint, from a cigar to a dinner at the Kursaal, from a bouquet to a box at the theatre. If a man was

in a lucky vein, and had stood in for a run on the red or black, he was beset with applications for temporary accommodation which he seldom failed to respond to. Like M. Le Roy in M. About's famous story, he regarded the louis he lent so easily as hedging against a turn in his luck or investments for the next winter in Paris. Men who were egotists elsewhere, dipped freely in a common purse, and you saw socialism in pleasant practice among *roués* and women of the world. Nothing could be more dazzling than the equipages in the Lichtenthal Alley of an evening, except the crowd that gathered before the Kursaal to listen to the after-dinner music. There might be rather a generous display of diamonds and snowy shoulders for the circumstances; but the general effect was that of a grand gala, presided over by luxury and taste. For the Frenchwomen of all classes knew how to dress, and the most delicate tints were the prevailing fashion. Colours that faded quickly in the sun, or were spoiled by the slightest stain, were the favourite form of extravagance. Passing the frills and the flounces in rapid review, you felt assured that the washing-bills of the fair sex were portentous. And there was no better place for the study of character—political, financial, and social. Celebrities, notoriety, eccentricities, and monstrosities paraded before one at every turn. Aristocracy for the time had abdicated, or was dethroned. Men scarcely turned to gaze after a crowned head or a prince, unless indeed he had distinguished himself as a prince among the punters. But any lucky *parvenu*, any adventurer who for a week or two had been one of the spoiled darlings of fortune, might become of a sudden the lion of the Kursaal, the cynosure of admiring eyes, and the object of a thousand flattering attentions. He might be a Creole *chevalier d'industrie*, a boyard who had to absent himself from the Principalities, where his countrymen were never too straitlaced, or the dashing steward of a Messageries' steamer, who was putting his economies out to fabulous interest. We have seen them all run their course in turn; and, so long as their happy stars were in the ascendant, the world of Baden lay grovelling at their feet. And lesser lights sparkled in humbler spheres, according to the boldness and success of their play. Next to winning brilliantly and boldly backing one's luck, losing placidly made a man a reputation, since the latter alternative needed the longer purse. There was a pleasant freemasonry in the galaxy of recklessness and talent who gathered every night round the brightly-lighted tables, the centre of the excited and appreciative "gallery," that threw their souls into the fortunes of the game. And nothing showed more the fascinations of Baden than the fact that the practical men who mustered there deliberately handicapped their chances and invited gratuitous defeat. They need only have moved on to Homburg or Wiesbaden to find the odds against them reduced by one half. What were more merry than the midnight supper-parties in the restaurant, when the tables had closed for the day and business was in suspension till the morrow; when winners and losers celebrated their victories or forgot their cares and losses in champagne, recruiting the energies that had been overtaxed by excitement with *suprêmes de volaille* or *salmis* of partridges.

But the war and the purist German Government banished the French, and Biarritz and Luchon, Trouville and Deauville, have profited by the eclipse of the gaiety of Baden. The Germans have it all their own way, backed up by a contingent of Americans and English, and some flying parties of promiscuous tourists. The most careful mother may take her daughters there, and make sure that they will see nothing that can harm them, as they are unlikely to have their eyes dazzled by the radiance of ravishing toilettes. Invalids might have gone to Baden for the waters before now; but if drinking and bathing were going forward, nobody seemed to have an idea of it. Now the waters have come to the front; and their virtues figure prominently in the programme and advertisements of the municipality. There, as at the other baths, the visitors rise with the lark, and you are depressed by the sight of the maimed and the halt who go limping about the colonnades of the *trinkhalle*. Nine-tenths of the bath guests dine at the early *table d'hôte*, making afternoon family parties to the Old Schloss or to Ebersteinburg, where the men settle to their beer, while the women ply their knitting needles. They find leisure to admire the charms of the scenery; and the enchanting forest walks that used to be well-nigh deserted are patronized by toiling and perspiring pedestrians. Nowhere is the change more conspicuous than on the Kursaal terrace in the evenings. One of the brilliant costumes of the golden time would bring the wearer under suspicion of the authorities, and, unless she could produce unimpeachable evidence to character, she would probably have peremptory notice to quit. The great majority of the male promenaders are clad in those commodious but unartistic garments which seem to have been picked up in the ready-made slop shops of the great cities of the Fatherland. The motley crowd is swelled by the natives who used formerly to hold shyly aloof on its outskirts. The revolution is a solemn fact, though opinions may differ as to its consequences. Baden, as we have said, must be beautiful as ever; and it is well worth while making the journey thither, if it were only to look out from your window of an evening on its amphitheatre of hills as they lie sleeping in the moonlight, with the lighted colonnades of the Kursaal and its dependencies creeping up the slopes through the woods in the foreground. But though it cannot be doubted that the place has been changed for the better, in those who frequented it in its brighter days contemplation awakens melancholy memories as they people it with the ghosts of its departed revellers.

LORD DE L'ISLE AND THE STANDARD.

THE editor of the *Standard* seems to have made the same sort of mistake between Lord Lisle and Lord De L'Isle as the collier made between Sir John Dean Paul and an Apostle. The banker had gone to the Black Country on a preaching tour, for he practised in the conversion of other people as well as of other peoples' securities, and the collier ran against him on a foot-path. The preacher remonstrated, mentioning his name and title; on which the collier asked if he had ever received a reply to that long letter he wrote to the Romans. The *Standard*, it may be hoped, will remember in the future that even such a little word as "De" makes a difference in a title, and that, though it may not be so wide as that between Sir John Paul and St. Paul, Lord Lisle is on no account to be confounded with "Sir Philip Sidney, second baron of De L'Isle and Dudley." In old times, when legal quibbles were of more importance than at present, the defendant's counsel might have made something of the error in the words "Baron of De L'Isle." In fact, we have not two, but three, titles in the field, for the difference between Baron De L'Isle, Baron of De L'Isle, and Baron Lisle, is much the same. There are many cases in the peerage of closer similarity than this. Till lately there were three Lords Hastings, two Lords Gifford, and two Lords Talbot. More exactly parallel are the titles of Earl Grey and Earl De Grey; or of Lord Clifford and Lord De Clifford. But there are two courtesy titles of Grey, as well as a Scottish Barony of Gray; there are two Baronies of Willoughby in different families; there is a Marquess of Stafford and there is a Lord Stafford; and there are at least two Lords Howard. In Scotland, where the number of distinct surnames is not in the English proportion to the population, there are many examples of this kind. There is an Earl of Lindsay and a Lord Lindsay, besides an Earl of Lindsey in England. Two gentlemen call themselves Earls of Mar, rightly or wrongly. Hamilton gives a title to a duke and a marquess; as does Queensbury. There is a Duke of Gordon, a Viscount Gordon, and a Lord (of Session) Gordon. There is a Lord Napier in the Scottish peerage, and another in that of the United Kingdom. As to Lords Stewart, or Stuart, they are innumerable. It is easy to understand the confusion that must sometimes arise; but it is not very clear why such a mistake as that of the *Standard* should subject the publisher to penal consequences. The barony of Lisle was already in existence when William IV. created the husband of his natural daughter a peer, by the title of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley. It might be supposed that the new peer took all the risk attaching to a name so like that of another peer. It is quite possible that a third person may lay claim to the name of L'Isle as a title, and there might even be a fourth, for the ancient barony of L'Isle created in 1369 is believed to be in abeyance, and might be called out in favour of any coheir; and there were three Lords L'Isle of Rougemont, who are supposed to have left descendants, among whom even a fifth barony might be established. Under these circumstances, a noble lord who espouses the quarrel of every one entitled to a barony of Lisle or De L'Isle, may find himself very busy at some future date. The title having a pleasing and romantic sound, has apparently been somewhat sought after, and has been held by some very remarkable people.

The name is said, with some probability to have come from the Isle of Wight. Warine "de Insula," or of the Isle, was summoned to Parliament in 1369, and his great granddaughter married the stout John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury. Her son, called, like his stepbrother, John, was created Lord L'Isle, and shared his father's fate, when trying to rescue his body in the fight of Chastillon. The charter which conferred the title on this ill-fated hero is, in the words of Nicholas, one of the most extraordinary on record, for it limits the dignity to him, his heir and assigns, for ever, being tenants of the manor of Kingston Lisle; and three hundred years later the title was actually claimed by a certain Abraham Atkins, of Clapham, who had bought the manor. There is something very ludicrous in the fact, though it would be difficult to say exactly why. Mr. Abraham Atkins did not succeed, but some other claimant may possibly arise, and have better luck. Meanwhile the older title seems to have been acknowledged, and a viscountcy added to it, and at the end of the fifteenth century both were enjoyed by a member of the great family of Grey. Once more an extraordinary grant of the L'Isle title took place, when the Greys had ended in an heiress. This young lady was engaged in her infancy to marry the famous Charles Brandon, but a much greater match was in store for him. Henry VIII., in anticipation of his marriage with Elizabeth Grey, made him Viscount L'Isle. But the heiress had apparently a will of her own, and it must have been a strong one, for she even ventured to defy that of Henry Tudor himself. She did not marry Brandon, but did marry Edward Courtenay, the ill-fated Earl of Devon, whom Henry beheaded in 1539. The couple did not lose the King's favour by their marriage; but Lady Devon did not long survive it, and died without children. Brandon's patent of Viscount L'Isle was cancelled; but, Lady Devon being dead, the representation of the family came to her aunt, the wife of a man chiefly remarkable as being the only person who seems to have really borne the name of Plantagenet in English history. This was Arthur, an illegitimate son of Edward IV., and on him Henry VIII. conferred the viscountcy ten years after Brandon had received it. Lady L'Isle had been a widow when he married her, and her first husband, the notorious Minister of Henry VII., had left at his execution a son, John Dudley, the future Protector. He also was made Viscount

L'Isle on the death of his stepfather, Arthur Plantagenet, and is supposed to have been Baron L'Isle also, both as his mother's heir and as owner of Kingston L'Isle. But, strange to say, he sold the manor; and the question arises, Did the title then become extinct? It seems to have been decided by the House of Lords, when Mr. Abraham Atkins claimed it, that, to hold the title, a man must not only be in possession of the manor, but also be a descendant and representative of the original grantee. It is quite conceivable, therefore, that by such an accident as the purchase or inheritance of Kingston L'Isle by one of the numerous representatives of John Talbot the barony would be revived again. Stranger things have happened, and there is still, or was very lately, a family in Kent, named Isley, who claimed to be L'Isles by male descent.

It would almost seem as if something romantic was to happen, as part of the inheritance, to most bearers of the L'Isle title. Dudley's eldest son, Ambrose, was made Lord L'Isle and Earl of Warwick by Queen Elizabeth, and on the monument in the Beauchamp Chapel to "the noble impe Robert of Duddely," the family pedigree of the L'Isles is set forth. This Robert was the infant son of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and was nephew and heir to Earl Ambrose. But all the Dudleys died out. Lord Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane had no children. Robert's only legitimate son died, as we have seen. Ambrose never married. There was a blight upon the race of the Protector, though the Dudley name survived until 1670 in the person of a widow to whom Charles I. granted the title of Duchess Dudley for life. Her husband had been the reputed son of Elizabeth's favourite, but the inheritance went to the Sidneys. Henry Sidney had married Mary Dudley, and their sons were Sir Philip, slain at Zutphen, the "great hope of mankind" as Camden calls him, and Robert, to whom once more the title of Viscount L'Isle was granted by James I. Some years later he was promoted to the earldom his uncle had held, and there were after him six Earls of Leicester at Penshurst until 1737, when the last of them, Josceline Sidney, died. The Sidneys had degenerated since the glorious days of the great Sir Philip and his father, though Algernon Sidney was the son of one of the Earls of Leicester. These later earls were perhaps not all they ought to have been, and some of the old inheritance of the Dudleys and the L'Isles was parcelled out among children not born in wedlock. The last Earl of all fought vehemently with his wife, but could not get a divorce from her, because there were faults on both sides, and after his death her son, whom he had not acknowledged, laid claim to the titles of Leicester and L'Isle, and in 1782 brought an action of ejectment against the owner of Penshurst. In this he failed, for the estate had been clearly left away from him, but his claim to the titles was never, it is believed, decided. Penshurst went to a Mrs. Perry, a very distant cousin, and the title of Lord Lisle, in the peerage of Ireland, was in 1758 granted to John Lysaght, whose father had commanded a troop at the battle of the Boyne. There was, probably, little thought at the time of any connexion between the families of Lysaght and De Lisle, and Mr. Lysaght may have chosen the title because it looked pretty, and had a certain alliteration with his surname. He may also have been one of the very numerous descendants of the old lords; but here our sources of information fail us. Mrs. Perry's daughter and heiress brought Penshurst to the Shelleys by becoming the second wife of the grandfather of the poet, so that the noble lord whose high-sounding titles commemorate his descent from the Dudleys and the L'Isles, whose name has been taken in vain by the *Standard*, and who has to be as particular about his "De" as a Frenchman, or as a German has to be about his "Von," is her great-grandson. Such, in brief, is the history of the titles which have given so much trouble to various journalists. It differs in several points from the histories of many other English titles. The heir of the Sidneys and the Dudleys may well be proud of it, and have good cause for disliking to see it charged with the now famous forty-eight shillings' worth of coals. But it may be questioned whether the best way of vindicating its nobility was to drag it into a police court.

SOME FEATURES OF WEST AND MID CHESHIRE.

THE more sequestered nooks and corners of some of our English counties are apt to remain a sealed book to many who never miss their annual tour abroad, and who know the Continent by heart. This strikes us forcibly in visiting such a county as Cheshire, a county now veined with railroads, but within three or four generations so destitute of even sound turnpike roads that the picture-galleries of more than one country seat contain lively representations of carriages and horses clay-and-mud-bound in the "Cheshire roads as they were." For some reason or other the knowledge of the treasures and curiosities with which Cheshire abounds does not seem to have increased with its greater accessibility. An instance of human incuriousness as regards what is near at hand occurs to us in the story of several grave seniors having to judge of the three optional subjects for an essay proposed by a pupil-teacher. One of them was headed "the Wyrral," and when the examiners frankly confessed their ignorance of what the word meant, a volunteer looker-on suggested that it was, he believed, a kind of local animal, doubtless from some fancied analogy to the squirrel. Yet this happened not a hundred miles from Chester.

and the hundred of Wirral is that curious neck of East Cheshire lying between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee, on which are situate Liverpool's great suburb Birkenhead, and the local watering-places of Parkgate and New Brighton. It is not however, of East Cheshire, and the division of the county in which lies its capital, that we propose now to speak, so much as of West and Mid Cheshire, its comparatively less known divisions. We wish, in particular, to call attention to some of the structural and natural chief features of these divisions—the grand old timber houses, the Elizabethan and Jacobean family seats, the characteristic Cheshire "meres," and the many fine churches, chapels, and minsters of various dates and styles of architecture.

Approaching the shire from Whitchurch and the south, the tourist who can spare the time should make acquaintance with the picturesque sheet of deep water which must have given a name, as it adds picturesqueness, to Combermere Abbey. Other meres, however, excelling it in interest, are to be visited further on, and so we press forward to Nantwich, once famous for its saltworks, though these are now entirely extinct, and the site of the last brine-pit of what was once the most productive salt emporium of Cheshire is occupied by a modern town-hall. As might be expected, with the brine-pits is gone the old pious custom of a hymn of thanksgiving sung by the inhabitants on Ascension Day for the "blessing of the Brine"; and, in truth, with the exception of the fine red sandstone cruciform church of the fourteenth century, and one or two interesting Elizabethan timber houses, little of old Nantwich survives, except the narrow streets. Of the church the most notable features are the octagonal unbattled tower, the stone vaulted choir and its carved oak stalls, said to have come from Vale Royal Abbey, and the Perpendicular east window; and the general view of the interior, as seen from the west entrance, speaks much for the pious zeal of those whose wealth was derived from the agriculture of the rich dairy flats of the banks of the Weaver, or from the ancient "store and sorts of salts" which, according to Drayton, made "Weaver to excell." It may seem against the grain of modern sentiment on church restoration to deplore, as we are fain to do, the relegation to the vestry and to other half-hidden corners of altar-tombs such as that of Sir John Craddock and the Maistersons, which was done at the last reparation by the advice of an eminent architect. The church, too, is again under restoration. The town formerly boasted two characteristic old timber and plaster hostleries, but one of them, the "Lamb," has been superseded by an entirely new edifice of modern brick, and the stuccoed front of the "Crown" completely hides the vestiges of antiquity to be found in the panelled rooms of the interior. On the other hand, in the square a spirited tradesman of sound taste has bestowed great pains on the conservative reparation of a striking timbered house—of which the date is not preserved—in which are several curiously panelled and ceiled rooms; and at the end of Hospital Street stands a remarkable timberwork edifice, said to have been a restoration in Queen Elizabeth's day, almost every room in which has characteristic oak panelling and ceilings, and cornices of plaster to match. It is still called, from its Elizabethan owners, "Church's Mansion," and has a legend outside giving the date of 1578.

From Nantwich the tourist may as well make his way past Crewe, unless indeed he has a taste for studying the countless offices and platforms of its gigantic railway depot. Close to this mushroom town, which indeed derives its name from its picturesque neighbour, stands Crewe Hall, gorgeously restored by Edward Barry, after a fire, upon the lines of the old Jacobean structure, though with more sumptuous materials. At a little distance, if he wishes to survey a modern Renaissance mansion, he will find admission at Arley Hall, the seat of Mr. Egerton Warburton, to the north of Northwich, and between Great Budworth and High Leigh, where the maypole and rustic sports on the green at proper seasons suggest anything rather than a rigid *επιταγία*. But this is not to our present purpose, and we proceed to Sandbach, tarrying to inspect the fine old church, with its font of 1667, and the well-known Greek inscription on it, which may be read both ways, ΝΙΡΟΝ ΑΝΟΜΗΜΑ ΜΗ ΜΟΝΑΝ ΟΥΙΝ (which, by the way, is found upon a salver in Trinity College, Cambridge); the Saxon Crosses in the town, which Ormerod refers to Penda's return from Northumberland; and the old timber and plaster inn, originally built in the fifteenth century, and restored in 1656. Like so many other towns and houses of this county, Sandbach has its memories of a siege in the Civil War, and a skirmish with Lesley's Horse after the battle of Worcester, on a spot still known as the "Scotch Commons." From Sandbach the tourist may easily reach an old mansion of Elizabethan date, with a history and a tradition clinging to it, by name Brereton. The builder of the mansion, and first peer, was the son of a Sir William Brereton who served the Queen in Ireland during Fitzgerald's rebellion, and it is said that Elizabeth laid its first stone. It has gabled wings and two octagonal towers in the centre, connected by a semicircular arch. The bays have the decoration of the rose and the portullis. In the dining-room is a frieze, with curious badges and inscriptions, and in other chambers are notable marble mantelpieces, bearing the Brereton arms, with the muzzled black bear for one of the supporters. The church, too, is ancient and interesting; and a picturesque hostelry, called Brereton Green, discloses on a gable the date of 1615, W^mM, and, if a storm would disperse the roughcast, would disclose also a good black and white timber house of the period. Yet more distinctive of Brereton, however, is the legend of Bagmere, or Blackmere, pool, the remains of that "black ominous mere" which

Drayton tells "sends up stocks of trees that on the top do float" for days before the death of an heir of the house. Mrs. Hemans has a pretty and romantic poem on Brereton and Blackmere, entitled the "Vassal's Lament for the Fallen Tree."

From Brereton Heath it would be only a tolerable walk to Congleton, though, if time is important, the North Staffordshire line from Crewe by Alsager and Harecastle will be preferred. Approaching the town in this way, the traveller has to his right the long narrow ridge of Mow Cop (1,100 feet high), whilst still nearer to Congleton is Cloud End, which is about a hundred feet higher. These hills are the hindmost reach of that highland district known in Derbyshire as the Peak, and in Staffordshire as the Moorlands. To the botanist, geologist, and pedestrian these heights and outlooks offer varied attractions; and to the antiquary the town itself affords an excellent starting-point for excursions. Its chief inn, the "Swan and Lion," is a striking old timbered house, the great porch of which, having a room over it, rests on two large stone pillars. The town stands pleasantly above the waters of the Dane and near the foot of Cloud Hill and Congleton Edge. Its churches and public buildings are comparatively modern, and none of its few remaining timber houses can vie with the inn; but in one excursion, of no great length, may be seen a most interesting church and a most striking old hall, which no visitor to mid-Cheshire should leave uninspected. The first of these is Astbury, a fine church of the early seventeenth century, with nave, chancel, side aisles of equal length with the chancel, clerestory, remarkable west porch, south porch, and tower surmounted by a spire. The nave is separated from the aisles by five pointed arches on either side, springing from clustered arches of millstone grit from Mow Cop; and the chancel is divided from the nave by a carved oak screen; whilst the oak stalls and the roof-loft are equally fine. Two chapels, at the ends of the aisles, contain monuments of interest. That on the north belongs to the Wilbrahams of Odd-Rode. The most remarkable effigies in the church are those of Dame Mary Egerton of Oulton (1599) and of a fourteenth-century recumbent knight of the Cheshire Davenport family, at the east of the north and south aisles respectively; but outside the church are four very curious recumbent figures, much decayed, the two central ones being a knight and his wife, whom the legend inscribed on the arched canopy above them identifies with Sir Randolph Brereton and his wife Ada, daughter of Richard, Earl of Huntingdon. The church roof is of carved oak, decorated with foliage, of date 1701; there are remains of a fresco on the north wall of the nave, and the gurgoyles which surround the exterior are very grotesque. Passing out by the old lych gate, the traveller may make his way from this mother church of Congleton and its thriving sunny village, in a southward direction, towards Old Moreton Hall; for he may well omit Great Moreton Hall, the lodge of which is passed on the way, the house having in this century been modernized and adorned with a central tower. But the Old Moreton Hall, or Little Moreton, is, even in its present state of neglect, and with but three sides remaining, one of the finest structures of the kind in Cheshire. Moated, and approached by a bridge on the south, it is entered by a fine old gateway, above which are sleeping rooms, and above these a gallery (68 feet by 12), the sides of which are formed of bay windows, the roof of oak panels with quatrefoils. Over the west window is a figure of "Fortune" under a wheel, and at the east end another figure with a globe, with mottoes apparently denoting the uncertainty of Luck and the stability of Knowledge. In the old dining-room is a mantelpiece surmounted by the arms of Queen Elizabeth, and over the upper windows are the arms of Brereton and Moreton, and the date 1559. The Chapel and ante-chapel, divided by a screen, are low and ill-proportioned, though lighted by a painted window, as its walls are by black letter texts. A good deal of discussion about this Old Hall took place some time since in *Notes and Queries*, and, if we recollect rightly, a correspondent claimed the ownership of it for a relative of his. It is but right to say that, to whomsoever it belongs, its custodianship at present can do no credit to any one. Its inmates are of the class of day labourers, in a district where education is at a low ebb. Its panelled rooms are used as a potato-store, and it is solely owing to the inherent vitality of its oak beams and joists that the whole of a marvellously curious fabric does not rot and come down with a run.

From Congleton it is an easy trip by rail to Macclesfield; where we had planned, had time allowed, to see the fine but modernized parish church, with its chapel to the Leghs of Lyme, and to make an excursion to Gawsorth, where is one of the few extant tilting grounds in England, belonging to the Earl of Harrington. But in order to see the finest park in Cheshire, Lyme, we had to leave the straggling, rambling hill-side town on the banks of the Bollin unvisited, and push on by what is called a Local Committee's branch line past Bollington and Poynton stations to High Lane. This is the smallest of wayside stations on the borders of Lyme Park, the finest and wildest, if not in acreage the largest, in the county. Lyme Park dates back to a Legh in the reign of Richard II., when Sir Piers Legh was beheaded at Chester by the Duke of Lancaster. His son, Sir Peter, was killed at Agincourt. Lyme Hall is indeed a stately mansion, and Lyme Park is the beau ideal of a park. The latter is entered by gates a mile and a half distant from the former, and contrasts with most Cheshire parks in its wild, diversified, untrodden character, in its glimpses of the celebrated wild white cattle, its haunts of the red deer, its wastes of thicket and bracken, its old oaks and lime avenue. Curiously conspicuous from every point of view on the highest ground is the old square Hunting Tower known as "the

Cage." The large quadrangular mansion itself is of diverse dates, its north front dating from Henry VII. and Elizabeth; over the porch are the arms of the Leghs surmounted by a dial and open pediment, and the hall can boast the actual armour of the Sir Perkin who was knighted for his valour on the field of Crecy. The wainscoted and richly ceiled roof of the drawing-room presents in much of its arrangement, and in at least one perfect oriel window, the same appearance as it did in the days of Elizabeth, and a chimney piece in the Stag parlour preserves in compartments divers incidents of the deer-driving for which Lyme was immemorially famous. A bedstead whereon the Black Prince is said to have slept now canopies the chimney piece of the billiard-room, and the bedsteads on which Charles I., James II., and Mary Queen of Scots slept, with the bed-hangings of the last, are still to be seen. Add to these curiosities the portraits by Vandyke, the tapestries of the principal state chambers, the wood-carving by Gibbons, and then let the visitor devote what time remains to the wild scenery of the undulating park, inferior in size perhaps to Tatton, but out of comparison grander in its trees and slopes. Then let him take train from High Lane to another insignificant station two or three miles nearer Stockport, and he will find himself within half a mile of a smaller but not less curious Elizabethan House, Marple Hall, the seat of the Isherwoods. We have here a change from Cavaliers to Roundheads, for it was Mary Bradshaw of the family of Henry, eldest brother of John Bradshaw, president of the Court which tried Charles I., who brought this house and property into the possession of the Isherwoods. Built in the form of an E in compliment to the Queen, the hall is rich in characteristic panelled rooms and in traces of its ancient owners, such as armorial bearings, actual Parliamentary armour, portraits of Mary Bradshaw, Desborough, John Milton, and the like. John Bradshaw's bedstead in his younger days, with an inscription inculcating the virtue of mercy in rather halting verse, is still shown, and on the window-panes of ground glass are painted in black letters the following lines, which we may charitably suppose to represent a prophecy uttered after the event:—

My brother Henry must heir the land,
My brother Frank be at his command;
Whilst I, poor Jack, will once do that
Which all the world shall wonder at.

The dining-room looks out from a terraced elevation upon a charming view, in which woodland scenery and the meanderings of the Goyt (the head water of the Mersey) unite to shut out the near neighbourhood of canals, manufactures, and busy life of many types.

From Marple Hall the traveller will pass, with what speed he can, through the factories, railways, viaducts, and smoke of Stockport, to a sight of Bramhall Hall, the finest black and white house in Cheshire, if not in England, and the seat of the Davenports since the days of Edward III., until, a few months since, it was sold to a building company. Such treasures as could be transported to other seats of the family have no doubt escaped the hammer, though they no longer remain *in situ*; but the Great Hall no longer contains the family arms, or armour and relics of the Civil War, which once set off its oak wainscots; the Plaster Room, so called from its floor of that material, sometimes seen in Tudor houses, and the Paradise Room, which takes its name from Dame Dorothy Davenport's treatment of the Fall in needlework, are denuded of their tapestry; and there is more pain than pleasure in exploring an externally unique mansion which may be refurnished and decorated in doubtful taste, or perchance share the neglect which has befallen Old Moreton Hall. In notable contrast to the present condition of Bramhall is the old Hall of kindred type which forms a great attraction in the domain of Tabley, near Knutsford. Tabley Hall itself, some two miles west of Knutsford, is a fine undulating park with a modern brick mansion fronted by a Doric portico and terrace, and containing a fine picture gallery, noted for its Turners. Its old Hall, or the extant east side of it, is situate on an island in the moat to the right of the drive at a little distance from the lodge. It is a marvel of timber construction, has an oak staircase and gallery, oak-panelled rooms—one known as "Lady Leicester's oratory," and another having a cornice bearing the date of Queen Elizabeth—and other remarkable timber-work opened to view by the taste and care of Lord de Tabley, the present owner. A bay window of armorial stained glass, and a chimney-piece of 1619 carving, in compartments of which are the figures and names of Lucretia and Cleopatra, are amongst the fixtures of this unique old mansion; and it is also set off with handsome old cabinets, and, *inter alia*, with an ancient (perhaps Italian) "spinnet," under the lid of which is a quaint emblematical painting. Hard by it, also on the moat, is a chapel of Jacobean style and type, of date 1675, built by that devoted servant of his royal master, Sir Peter Leicester, the former historian of Cheshire and ancestor of the present lord, who has, however, changed his original surname for that of Warren. It was copied from Brasenose old chapel at Oxford. It is kept up and still used, its fittings, painted glass, and reared being in excellent harmony. Some two or three miles distant is the almost unique black and white timber church of Lower or Nether Peover, in which nave, chancel, screen, north and south aisles and chapels, indeed exterior and interior alike with the exception of the tower, built of stone by John Boden in 1582, are of timber and plaster work. One of the mortuary chapels belongs to the Shakerleys, who suffered, like Sir Peter Leicester, for their fidelity to Charles I.; and the old church was

carefully and conservatively restored by Salvin in 1852. Had we space we could say more about this most interesting ecclesiastical phenomenon, which might perhaps be matched on a small scale in Montgomeryshire; but we must pass on to get a sight, ere we quit Mid Cheshire, of its largest and loveliest of meres, Rostherne, a deep, broad, picturesque sheet of water stretching over the valley towards Bowdon and Dunham Massey, a hundred and fifteen acres in extent, and in parts a hundred feet in depth. Local opinion held it to be bottomless till Admiral Cotton took the soundings, and local folklore tells of a mermaid which on Easter Sunday rings a bell in its depths. It is more credible that it may have once formed, with the meres of Tatton Tabley, Mere, Budworth, and others, a vast sheet of water between Alderley and High Leigh. However that may be, it is a sight which the lover of the picturesque should not miss, to gaze from Rostherne (the tarn of the Holy Rood's) churchyard, above the lake on the south, upon the high ground across the valleys of the Bollin and the Birkin, and the near view of the irregular expanse of the mere, where the botanist will find his account in many of the rare aquatic plants which enrich the flora of Cheshire.

THE THEATRES.

THE autumn season at the theatres has so far failed to yield an average crop of melodrama. The departure of the fashionable world is commonly the signal for the armed bandit to step forth from his hiding-place and to brandish his familiar weapons in the eyes of playgoers fresh from the country. But this year even the time-honoured heroes of melodrama have not escaped the general depression; and, if it were not for the production of *Davy Crockett* at the Olympic Theatre, we should be unable to count a single new contribution to a very diverting kind of entertainment. For it is impossible to regard a highly moral representation of *delirium tremens* as a satisfying expression of the claims of romantic drama. However attractive to a large section of the playgoing public, it nevertheless fails to employ the most esteemed materials of melodrama. It perhaps deals too closely with actual experience, and the boasted realism of its method suffices to exclude that kind of heroic improbability which we have a right to expect at this season of the year. On the other hand, we have in *Davy Crockett* quite a magnificent display of heroic improbability. From one end of the play to the other there is scarcely to be found a single incident which could by any chance have happened in real life. This in itself is a valuable distinction; but it by no means exhausts the claims to consideration which *Davy Crockett* possesses. An author who has so far succeeded as to contrive an improbable story will sometimes betray a failing resolution by giving a certain semblance of nature to his characters. But the author of *Davy Crockett* is quite free from the suspicion of such weakness. The beings who figure in his drama are completely in harmony with the circumstances of their lives. They never trouble us with any uncomfortable reflections as to the justice of their sentiments or the likelihood of their actions; for they are so skilfully removed from the reach of common experience that they do not suggest a comparison with the poor inhabitants of our known world. The play is indeed described as "an idyl of the backwoods," but it would be an obvious injustice to all concerned to take this description too literally. The hero, it is true, speaks with a strong American accent, and this is the only bit of local colour which implies any kind of submission to the irksome bondage of time and place. His real claim to our affection, and, we may add, to the affection of the heroine, lies in the fact that he is "a child of nature," and that he dresses in a wild costume, compounded of furs and leather, peculiarly calculated to inspire a lasting passion in the breast of a refined and cultivated young lady. That this young lady is an orphan, and that her guardian is under the evil influence of a designing villain, are misfortunes too common in melodrama to cause us any real uneasiness. During the period of childhood she has been brought up in the backwoods, under the care of Davy Crockett's mother; and, when the play opens, she finds herself once more in the familiar home, accompanied by an importunate suitor whom she does not wish to marry and by a volume of Scott's poems, out of which, with the help of the hero, she subsequently devises the plot of the play. As a matter of course the sight of Davy Crockett increases the heroine's contempt for the rich and unworthy lover; and we are by no means sure that she would not at once have thrown herself into the arms of "the child of nature," but for the shocking discovery that he can neither read nor write. This is a disadvantage scarcely counterbalanced even by his manly bearing and picturesque costume, and the curtain descends upon a pathetic leave-taking in which the lovers part for ever only to meet again in the second act.

Here "the child of nature," with that prescience of evil with which the heroes of melodrama are peculiarly endowed, has made up his mind to spend the night in a remote log hut which he ordinarily employs for the purposes of hunting. A couch carefully spread over with the skins of wild animals, which stands in the centre of the rough dwelling, clearly points to the speedy advent of a fainting form; and, indeed, Crockett has scarcely had time to kindle a fire to protect him against the bitter cold of a snowy night, when the rich and unworthy lover, stumbling in an exhausted condition through the doorway, brings the terrible

intelligence that the heroine is being frozen to death. It is the work of a moment for the stalwart huntsman to carry her into the cottage, and to lay her upon the couch so carefully prepared for her reception; and it is not very long before she has sufficiently recovered consciousness to be able to take an intelligent interest in the attentive behaviour of her preserver. The first feeling of gratitude speedily yields to a meritorious desire to supplement his somewhat imperfect education, and having ascertained that the rich but tiresome suitor is so completely prostrated by a dangerous fever as to be insensible to what is going on, it occurs to her that this is a favourable moment for reading some chosen passages from Scott's poetry. By the merest chance the volume opens at the stirring ballad of "Young Lochinvar," and the recital of the knight's daring elopement sinks so deeply into the breast of "the child of nature," that he decides to terminate his own love-affair by the same simple device. This instructive study of English poetry is, however, suddenly interrupted by the untoward approach of a pack of wolves, who afford to "the child of nature" a second opportunity of saving the heroine's life. To bar their entrance into the cottage he thrusts his arm into the vacant staple of the door, and he remains, we may suppose, in this uncomfortable position during the interval between the acts, for when the curtain rises again the arm, now considerably swollen, is still fixed in the staple, while in the meantime the heroine, with apparent unconcern, has been enjoying a refreshing sleep. This encounter with the wolves may be regarded as the climax of the drama, and the counterfeit presentment of the ferocious animals, as they thrust a menacing snout and glaring red eye through the interstices of the log-hut, serves to intensify the enthusiasm and sympathy of the audience. The cultivated heroine is now convinced that education is but a paltry endowment when put in comparison with a noble heart and a picturesque mode of life; but as her guardian accompanied by the villain has somehow found his way to the hut, there is another parting which, to the inexperienced eye, has every appearance of finality. But the somewhat hasty readings from the poets are destined to bear fruit. Davy Crockett gives a kind of practical turn to literary study, which forcibly reminds us of the excellent system of teaching adopted by Mr. Squeers. Having learnt the history of Young Lochinvar, he determines to go and do likewise; and, accordingly, when the heroine is just about to sign herself away to the unworthy suitor, he rushes into the apartment and bears her away upon a swift horse that is waiting without.

We have, we think, said enough about *Davy Crockett* to show that it is an entirely orthodox example of the style to which it belongs. The incidents are not perhaps very numerous; but they are of the approved pattern, and the absence of any scenes of actual bloodshed is, to our thinking, more than counterbalanced by the vision of the very terrible "wild-fowl" that did duty as wolves. As regards acting, the burdens of the performance fall almost entirely upon the shoulders of the two principal characters. Mr. Frank Mayo, who comes to us from "the principal theatres in the United States," possesses a sound knowledge of the resources of ordinary stage effect, and has besides a picturesque bearing suitable to the part which he has to present. His humour is apt to err on the side of exuberance, and in pathos he slips too readily into the elocutionary manner associated with popular preaching. We are bound, however, to admit that his efforts in both kinds were unreservedly accepted by the audience, who seemed no less content with the acting of Miss Ritta in the part of Eleanor Vaughan. And, after all, a more refined style of acting would perhaps only have served to mark more clearly the shortcomings of the play. Such a highly artificial mode of composition demands its appropriate conventions in the manner of interpretation, and Mr. Mayo's acting, it may be confessed, was sufficiently conventional to satisfy the most exacting student of melodrama.

At the Adelphi Mr. Tom Taylor's curiously close rendering of the good old-fashioned French melodrama *Léonard*, which goes by the name of "The celebrated drama in four acts by Tom Taylor, Esq., entitled *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*," has been revived, and is admirably played. Mr. Neville resumes the part of Bob Brierly, of which he was the original exponent, and gives to it as much freshness as if he were undertaking it for the first time and making his first success in it, instead of bringing to bear on it the result of much experience and study. Miss Lydia Foote has never been more natural and charming than in May Edwards, and to say that is to give her high praise. Mr. Vezin, who has lately been acting a part more worthy of his powers—that of Richelieu, which he played with a force, skill, and insight which he too seldom finds an opportunity of displaying as they should be displayed—appears as Hawkshaw, and plays the part as only a fine and polished actor could play it. The perfect ease of the actor, the appearance of nature, which is, of course, the result of consummate art, the way in which the part is made to tell, just because there is no visible effort to make it tell, are things well worth studying by any one interested in the science of acting. Mr. Pateman plays Dalton with strength and versatility. He is especially good in the City scene and in the last act. The other parts are all well filled, Miss Jecks's performance of Sam being very clever, if a little too accentuated. The play is capitally got up.

Of *Forget-Me-Not*, a new drama by Messrs. F. C. Grove and Herman Merivale, successfully produced on Thursday last by Miss Ward at the Lyceum, we hope to speak at length next week.

REVIEWS.

CLIFFORD'S LECTURES AND ESSAYS.*

SOME months ago we had the mournful task of recording in these columns the death of a very remarkable man. William Kingdon Clifford was only thirty-three when he died, having achieved at that early age results which place him amongst the great thinkers of our day, but leaving unfulfilled a promise so great that what he has done seems as nothing in comparison to what he might have done. Amongst his qualities there were two that were pre-eminent. In the region of pure mathematics he was one of the first five or six original thinkers in Europe. As an expounder to unscientific people of the foundations of science and philosophy he was almost without a rival. It is in this latter character that he is seen in the volumes that are now before us—a collection of such of his papers and lectures as were addressed to non-technical audiences. They are on very various subjects—such as atoms, the beginning and end of our world, the connexion between body and mind, the duty of inquiry and the sin of credulity, the ethics of religion, and the emotions with which we regard ourselves and the universe; but there is more of a connected plan running through them than appears at first sight, so much so that Clifford intended to remodel them into a definite statement of his views on philosophical and other subjects, to be called "The Creed of Science," a sketch of the proposed contents of which is to be found at the end of the introduction. It is to be observed that he regarded his views as more or less common to the scientific world at large, as the title "The Creed of Science" implies; and, though it may be doubted whether many scientific men would go all lengths with him, yet it is certain that in many respects Clifford was a true representative of what is called advanced thought, and that modern science has been tending for a long time towards his results, though it may not yet have reached them. Such being the case, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance that this definite statement of the "Creed of Science" would have had had he lived to finish it. The loss, of course, is irreparable; but, by careful examination of these apparently disconnected essays, we think it is possible to pick out the purpose that runs through them all, and to present a consecutive view of the main lines of thought that suggested them, and this we will now endeavour to do.

According to Clifford there are two ways of putting the fundamental question as to the nature and extent of our knowledge. "Why do things happen?" and "What is it precisely that does happen?" The first question he regarded as external to the province of science, and consequently to that of human knowledge; for he held most strongly that, as science is simply organized common sense, so there are no subjects which could not and should not be dealt with according to the methods of science. But the second question, on the contrary, admits of a rational answer, and is daily receiving it in a more and more complete manner. If completely answered it would supersede the first. That is, no one would think of asking why things happened if they knew precisely what it was that did happen. And this brings us to Clifford's view of the nature of explanation. In the lecture on the aims and instruments of scientific thought, he says, "Explanation describes the unknown and unfamiliar as being made up of the known and familiar." And he exemplifies it by the law of gases, "the law according to which pressure increases in the same proportion in which volume diminishes"; this is a dark saying to most people, though it is an everyday occurrence that a body should strike against an opposing surface and bound off again, and every one knows that, if it takes a certain time to go a given distance, half that distance can be done in half the time—bits of familiar knowledge that rightly applied will, on the molecular theory of gases, make the law of pressure seem quite obvious.

This view of explanation differs materially from that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who considers the essence of explanation to consist in the including of a particular statement in a general law, and this again in a still more general law—a process that finally leads to the unknowable. Now Clifford would have nothing to do with the unknowable. To him every rational question admitted of a rational answer; if we cannot give it to-day, perhaps we can give it to-morrow. As long as we know a thing so familiarly that we can think about it readily and accurately, we require no further knowledge of the why and wherefore of it; we can predict its behaviour under varying circumstances; what more does one want? It is precisely this question of prediction that lies at the root of the whole matter. We make one vast assumption—that of the uniformity of nature—and thereby extend our knowledge of familiar things to similar but unfamiliar things. Now this assumption would be perfectly unwarranted, but that under proper restrictions it comes right. This process, then, according to Clifford, is the essence of scientific thought—namely, the application of past experience to new circumstances by assuming the uniformity of nature. But what is this uniformity, and what are the necessary restrictions without which our predictions will not come right? This, again, is a question of experience. We have accumulated a vast store of observations by means of which we have been able to formulate in a number of laws the way in which events have

happened—that is to say, we have made a number of general statements each of which is true of a quantity of separate events. Events have followed and coincided in such and such a way in the past; if they will only follow and coincide in the same way in the future, why then we shall be able to predict certain consequences, which sure enough do come to pass. So that our rule is this:—"The steps from past experience to new circumstances must be made in accordance with an observed uniformity in the order of events." It must be confessed that we are still no nearer a logical justification of our assumption. All inference depends on it, and we cannot infer that which is the ground of all inference; but, as Clifford remarks, there is a very good physical explanation of the fact that we all do believe in the uniformity of nature, which is, that if we had not habitually acted on it, we should not be here to discuss the question. "Nature is selecting for survival those individuals and races who act as if she were uniform; and hence the gradual spread of that belief over the civilized world." The consideration of certain characters of this order of events leads Clifford to treat of the question of causation. He has a great objection to the use of the word cause at all in scientific discussion, remarking that its Greek equivalent has sixty-four meanings in Plato and forty-eight in Aristotle; and he is apparently of opinion that it is quite hopeless to fix any one meaning that shall be really universal. Hume's definition of cause, which is generally accepted by the scientific world—i.e. unvarying antecedence—finds no favour in his eyes. To a mathematician the way in which events are connected together is that the rate of motion of one body changes *with* (not *after*) the change of position of another body; but there is no sequence, the change is simultaneous. In fact, this refusal to recognize causation, in the sense of a mysterious nexus, is intimately connected with the refusal to attempt any answer to questions about knowledge that ask *why* instead of *what*.

So far we have been dealing with observation as if it were a known thing, which undoubtedly it is in a rough way; but now comes the question, What is it precisely that we do when we observe? which leads us at once into metaphysics. There was a time not very long ago when scientific men eschewed the discussion of metaphysics as being a branch of inquiry in which no progress was made, and nothing was ever firmly established. Concerning this Clifford has a very pregnant saying:—

The fact that the subject has been discussed for many hundreds of years to no good purpose, and without leading to definite results, by great numbers of people, is due to the method which was employed, and not to the subject itself; and, in fact, if we like to look in the same way upon other subjects as we have been accustomed to look upon metaphysics—if we regard every man who has written about mathematics or mechanics as having just the same right to speak and to be heard that we give to every man who has written about metaphysics—then, I think, we shall find that exactly the same thing can be said about the most certain regions of human science.

Further, however much we may dislike metaphysics, it is impossible to put them aside, for as Professor Huxley has pointed out in a recent lecture, we cannot talk about anything without making certain metaphysical assumptions—in fact, metaphysical questions underlie all knowledge. Clifford's views on these subjects are to be found fully stated in the papers called "Body and Mind" and "On the Nature of Things in Themselves."

The one thing that we know immediately without any question of inference or any possibility of doubt is that we feel. So let us take these feelings, and examine them as best we can:—

My feelings arrange and order themselves in two distinct ways. There is the internal or subjective order, in which sorrow succeeds the hearing of bad news, or the abstraction "dog" symbolizes the perception of many different dogs. And there is the external or objective order, in which the sensation of letting go is followed by the sight of a falling object, and the sound of its fall. The objective order, *quâ* order, is treated by physical science. . . . The inferences of physical science are all inferences of *my* real or possible feelings.

So that to Clifford, as to J. S. Mill, matter means permanent possibilities of sensation. But does it mean anything else? Not to physical science:—

If I hold that there is hydrogen in the sun, I mean that if I could put some of it in a bottle and explode it with half its volume of oxygen, I should get that group of possible sensations which we call water.

For Mill this was sufficient; to him matter was a permanent possibility of sensation, and nothing else; not so with Clifford. He held with Mr. Herbert Spencer, though with a profound difference, that there is a reality underlying the phenomenon, and the way he arrives at it is very interesting. There is one inference that we make that lies wholly outside the range of our sensations; if we infer anything about another man's body, we mean that the processes of his body are conceivably visible to us. But his feelings and his consciousness, which we infer no less certainly, can never be perceived by us:—"These inferred existences are in the very act of inference *thrown out* of my consciousness, recognized as outside of it, as not being part of me." So Clifford calls them "Ejects." He remarks that he is not concerned to justify this belief in other people's consciousness. The world has cut the knot for him long ago:—"It may very well be that I myself am the only existence; but it is simply ridiculous to suppose that anybody else is."

This inference profoundly modifies our conception of the object. If a single consciousness were alone in question, every object might be considered a part of it; "but I somehow infer the existence of similar objects in your consciousness, and these are not objects to me, nor can they ever be made so; they are ejects."

* *Lectures and Essays.* By the late William Kingdon Clifford, F.R.S., late Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics in University College, London, and sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock. With an Introduction by F. Pollock. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

Thus a complex conception is formed which Clifford calls "the Social Object," which symbolizes "one thing which is in my consciousness," and "an indefinite number of other things which are ejects and out of my consciousness. According to Clifford, the individual object probably never exists in the mind of man—language is impossible without some recognition of a kindred consciousness in one's fellow-beings:—"Any sound which becoming a sign to my neighbour becomes thereby a mark to myself must, by the nature of the case, be a mark of the social object and not of the individual object. . . . As an object is formed in my mind, a fixed habit causes it to be formed as a social object, and insensibly embodies in it a reference to the minds of other men." This conception of everything as an object of perception to other men is to Clifford a sufficient explanation of that quality of outness, of distinctness from ourselves, with which we undoubtedly endow the world around us, and on which Mr. Herbert Spencer founds his proof of the existence of a reality underlying the phenomena that we perceive. Clifford indeed holds that this common impression of outness cannot possibly decide the question as to the existence of a non-personal eject, as this question cannot be put to ordinary people so as to convey any meaning—which indeed seems probable. The deliverance of ordinary consciousness not being to the point, Clifford adopts another line of proof. There are certain "ejective facts"—the changes in other people's consciousness—which run parallel to the changes in their brains, which are objective facts. "The parallelism here meant is a parallelism of complexity, an analogy of structure." Something like the parallelism between a spoken sentence (the elementary sound of the language), and a written sentence and its elements (the letters of the alphabet). Now consciousness is a very complex thing, as Clifford shows in a very amusing analysis of his feelings on reading over a former page of his manuscript. A feeling in itself is not necessarily conscious, but "when a stream of feelings is so compact together that at each instant it consists of (1) new feelings; (2) fainter repetitions of previous ones; and (3) links connecting these repetitions, the stream is called consciousness." The changes in the brain which accompany consciousness are also highly complex, and made up of elementary actions grouped together in the same way in which the elementary feelings that go to make up consciousness are grouped together. Clifford further concludes "that this correspondence extends to the elements, and that each simple feeling corresponds to a special comparatively simple change of nerve matter." This last conclusion involves very important consequences. If this correspondence is so complete high up in the scale of organization, why should we suppose that it is less complete lower down? On the objective side there is a continuous series of organisms growing less and less complex as they descend towards inorganic matter, and for some time it seems that consciousness dwindles and grows simpler with the increasing simplicity of nerve tissue. As we cannot imagine a sudden break, we are forced to believe that simpler and simpler feelings go with the simpler organization, till we get far below that degree of complexity which implies consciousness; so that with every action of every organism, no matter how simple, there goes an elementary mental fact. But we cannot stop here. There is no sudden gap between organic and inorganic, so "we have no choice but to admit that every motion of matter is simultaneous with some ejective fact or event which might be part of a consciousness."

It is precisely these mental facts which constitute the reality which underlies phenomena. This Clifford arrives at by a sort of rule of three:—"The external reality bears the same relation to the mental image of an object that the (phenomenal) object bears to the cerebral image." Now the cerebral image (the disturbance in the brain that is the physical concomitant of the perception) and the object are made of the same stuff; they are both matter. "Therefore the external reality is made of the same stuff as the man's perception or mental image—that is, it is made of mind-stuff." To sum up:—"Matter is a mental picture in which mind-stuff is the thing represented."

As to the way in which sensations are built up into conceptions, Clifford, as might be expected, holds that the simple messages that we receive from the external world are filled up solely by experience into those complex imaginings that we talk and think about; but this experience is not that of the individual, but (here following Mr. Herbert Spencer) that of the race. There is one great difficulty about attributing all our knowledge to experience, and that lies in the so-called universal statements of mathematics. No accumulated experience can ever tell us that the angles of a triangle are exactly equal to two right angles under all possible circumstances. It was this difficulty that led Kant to his famous theory of the *a priori* forms of external sense, from which Clifford takes a hint in his solution of that part of the question which concerns arithmetic. Clifford's treatment of the foundations of geometry is particularly interesting, as showing the way in which the progress of science may help on philosophy. In Kant's time there was no way out of the difficulty. The solution of the problem has only recently been rendered possible by a very remarkable advance in mathematics. Until the time of Lobatchewsky everybody believed that certain statements about the space that we perceive were absolutely true:—

There were four of those statements; that the space of three dimensions which we perceive is a continuous aggregate of points; that it is flat in its smallest parts; that figures may be moved in it without alteration of size or shape, and that similar figures of different sizes may be constructed in it.

We know now that these statements may all be false. The first

two may be doubted on the side of the very small, and the third and fourth on the side of the very great. So there is an end of the universality of mathematical axioms. As may be expected, Clifford is here at his best. His perfect familiarity with these abstruse questions seems infectious—under his guidance we feel like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, that we have all been mathematicians without knowing it.

The kindred question of the apparently universal statements of arithmetic is treated by him in a quite different, though equally efficacious, manner. The same methods that Clifford applies to the investigation of science and philosophy he carries over to the domain of ethics. To the question what is right he seeks for an answer in experience, and in that alone. He begins by saying that we all know more or less what we mean by the words right and wrong; and, on inquiry, we find that there is a tolerably definite agreement amongst Englishmen as to how these words are applied—certain actions are held to be right, others to be wrong. There is a faculty called conscience, which decides as to this, and whose decisions are absolute. "The individual conscience is, in the moment of volition, the only possible judge of what is right; there is no conflicting claim." But we can modify our conscience in the same way as we can modify our taste. "There is no doubt at present that the nicest things to me are the things I like; but I know that I can train myself to like some things and dislike others." In the same way we can endeavour to get the best conscience. But what is the best conscience? To answer this we must find out what conscience is good for—what is the function of conscience; and this, again, is best found out by considering how it arose. Here Clifford gives in his full adhesion to Mr. Darwin's theory of the social instinct; the function of conscience is the preservation of the tribe, therefore the best conscience is that which makes us most useful to the community. This, it will be observed, resembles utilitarianism in setting forth the community as the object of moral allegiance; but it differs from it in saying nothing about happiness. The end is "the greatest efficiency of all citizens as such. No doubt happiness will, in the long run, accrue to the community as a consequence of right conduct; but the right is determined independently of the happiness, and, as Plato says, it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong."

The question of responsibility is treated as depending on the uniformity of nature. Clifford held that the metaphysical dogma of the freedom of the will was fatal to responsibility. If a man's actions are independent of motives, what is the use of trying to influence him by blame or punishment? But, in the ordinary sense of the words, that man was a free agent appeared to him obvious. Man is free if his actions are determined by his character, and not forced on him by outward circumstances; and this view is connected with a very interesting theory of his about evolution, which we have no space to examine. It is to the effect that the changes which raise an organism in the scale of being arise from the spontaneous activities of the organism itself, whilst change produced by the direct action of the environment can only degrade it. ("Cosmic Emotion," ii. 280.)

We have no space to follow this method of investigation into its further application, such as are dealt with in the papers on the Ethics of Belief and the Ethics of Religion. It need only be said that never have the "duty of inquiry" and the "sin of credulity" been enforced with more logic and eloquence. Indeed the whole book is eloquent with the fervour of an enthusiast who threw himself into the pursuit of truth in the firm belief that therein lies the only hope of good for that humanity which he loved so passionately. It is an eloquence chastened by extraordinary simplicity of style and a resolute seeking after clearness, but it is not the less effective for that.

We cannot leave this fascinating book without calling attention to Mr. Pollock's admirable biographical sketch in the introduction. If it fails at all, it is in not giving a quite adequate idea of the intense brightness and childlike delight in life, the playfulness and tenderness, of this great thinker, who, in spite of what some people would call the necessary consequence of his views, never doubted for an instant that the world was good and life worth living.

A HINDOO POETESS.*

IN 1876 there appeared from a provincial Indian press a volume of verse, issued without any preface or recommendation, and simply bearing the title of *A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*, by Toru Dutt. The book scarcely reached the English critics, but one of our contemporaries did get hold of a copy, and in a critical notice of some length pointed out the great merit of these translations from the French, remarking upon them as actually phenomenal if they were the unaided production of a native. We now know all about Toru Dutt, who was at that time a girl of twenty, a pure Hindoo without a drop of European blood in her veins, and who has since, to the misfortune of literature, passed away in her twenty-second year. She was the youngest of the three daughters of a well-known Baboo, a man of learning and cultivation, who survives them all, and who prefixes to the new edition of Toru's poems a most touching memoir. She was born on the 4th of March, 1856, and in early childhood began to display an irre-

* *Le Journal de Mlle. d'Arvers*. Nouvelle écrite en Français par Toru Dutt; précédée par une étude critique par Mlle. Clarisse Bader. Paris: Didier & Co. 1879.

A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields. By Toru Dutt. Second Edition. Bhowanipore. 1878.

sistible bias towards literature. Aware of the narrow range she would command if she composed her works in her native language only, she determined, while never, as we learn from one of her latest letters, neglecting Hindustani poetry, to make the tongues of Europe her chief medium. She made a very thorough study, not merely of the language, but of the literature, of France and England, and her first appearance, we believe, in print was as the author of a very full and learned essay on the writings of Leconte de Lisle, with translations into English verse. When this appeared, in 1874, she was eighteen; and at this time she commenced the study of Sanskrit, which occupied her almost constantly, until in the winter of 1876 she was forced by her health to lay it aside. By that time she had, however, contrived to perform no less an enterprise than the translation of the *Vishnuparâna* into English blank verse, only some fragments of which, admirable in quality, have as yet seen the light. Meanwhile she was composing and translating poetry with extraordinary assiduity and apparently with equal ease in Hindustani, French, or English, evidently living, as it now is easy enough and mournful enough to see, at an absolute fever-heat of literary zeal. The *Sheaf gleaned in French Fields* would have been an extraordinary feat had it been performed by an English lady of high education; from a Hindu girl it was little short of miraculous. It consists of two hundred poems, carefully selected with refined taste from the best French poets of the nineteenth century, not merely from Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Musset, but from Gautier, Vacquerie, Bouilhet, Baudelaire, and many others, who certainly never expected to hear of themselves at Bhowanipore. There were occasional mistakes in the English that only served to make the merits of the writing more conspicuous by proving that the work was genuine. There were sometimes words of which the quantity was unknown to the poetess and lines that from this and similar errors were erratic in the matter of scansion. But, as a whole, the vigour of versification and the poetic freedom of diction in a foreign language were quite marvellous.

Soon after the publication of this—the only book she lived to publish—Toru Dutt fell ill. Her Sanskrit reading was first forbidden to her, then all literary work. In April, 1877, she was already on her death-bed; towards the end of July she rallied, but all hopes based on such an amelioration of her state were belied by the death on the 30th of August, 1877, in her twenty-second year, of perhaps the most promising woman of letters at that time living. It is not too much to say that in her passed away the only writer of Indian birth who has yet shown any prospect of enriching English literature. The writings of other Hindoos in our language have been creditable, and even clever, experiments; Toru Dutt alone seems to have possessed the combination of original genius and absolute knowledge which would have enabled her to succeed. From the ruins of her career have been collected the translation of the *Vishnuparâna* and some original poems in English, neither yet published, and a novel in French which has been presented to the public by Mlle. Clarisse Bader, the author of *La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*, with the assistance of M. Garcin de Tassy. After reading this romance, we are inclined to think that Toru Dutt wrote French with more perfect fluency than English, but that she preserved in the latter language more poetic sentiment of style. Mlle. Bader pledges herself for the textual integrity of the book; she has very properly not attempted to remove the minute errors likely to be made by the most gifted writer who composes in a foreign language.

The ambition of Toru Dutt unfortunately induced her not merely to write her novel in French, but to lay the scene of it in French society. Marguerite d'Arvers commences the journal on her fifteenth birthday; but, though a Breton by birth, and educated in a convent, she has nothing of a child about her but an innocent naïveté. Toru Dutt has drawn her heroine in the colours of the land familiar to her. Mlle. d'Arvers is a slender creature, languid by turns and wild with energy; her masses of hair and her large eyes are brilliantly black; and she is quiet and childish only because no breath of disturbance has ever crossed her life. She returns from the convent on her fifteenth birthday, and a grand fête is prepared in her honour. Among the guests are the Comtesse de Plonarvon and her younger son Gaston. The proud old Breton Countess falls in love with Marguerite, whom she has not seen since the latter was a child, and loudly regrets the absence of her eldest son, Count Dunois Plonarvon. Presently Dunois enters, and we may allow the Hindoo poetess, in her own words, to describe her hero:—

Il est beau en effet. Sa taille est haute, mais quelques-uns la trouvaient mince; sa chevelure noire est bouclée et tombe jusqu'à la nuque; ses yeux noirs sont profonds et bien fendus; le front est noble; la lèvre supérieure, couverte par une moustache naissante et noire, est parfaitement modelée; son menton a quelque chose de sévère; son teint est d'un blanc presque féminin, ce que dénote sa haute naissance.

The whole of this description, but above all the last words, are characteristically Indian. Marguerite, though she does not know it, falls in love at first sight with this prototype of a lotus-bearing, languid deity. But the fête is a great success; she promises to visit at the castle of the Plonarvons, which stands close to the sea, and within eight of her father's house. A few days afterwards, while all is quiet in the house, she finds her father greeting a handsome young cavalry officer, who has just arrived, Captain Louis Lefèvre, whom Marguerite has never seen since their childhood, although he is in some sort her adopted brother. Louis is twenty years of age, and described as a very handsome youth of a European type, evidently in strong contrast to the Asiatic beauty of Dunois. The parents of Marguerite, who desire her marriage with

Louis, encourage her to receive him with affection, and they become great friends at once, the officer falling passionately in love with Marguerite, who neither reciprocates nor perceives his passion. He makes a short stay and rides off to his duties. Marguerite, busy in the village with works of charity, assists a poor and worthy family in various ways, and secures for their daughter, Jeanette Corraïne, the place of lady's-maid to the Comtesse de Plonarvon. This girl is extremely handsome—everybody is more or less beautiful in this book, but Jeanette is specially fascinating, with a sly, quiet manner like a snake.

When Dunois arrives at man's estate all the neighbouring gentry and peasantry collect at the castle to celebrate his fête. Marguerite is there with her parents, and the Countess treats her with the special favour and affection that are shown to a friend in whom the elder lady hopes one of these days to greet a daughter. Dunois is kind, though pensive and odd, and from this day Marguerite cannot conceal from herself that she loves him. Louis returns and in a scene very prettily and freshly devised begs Marguerite to marry him. She very regretfully and kindly refuses, and he rides away broken-hearted, for the parents have encouraged his suit and he has not expected the girl herself to resist him so firmly. After this, and in the depth of winter, Marguerite pays yet another visit to the Plonarvon family, and in the scenes that now immediately follow we see how powerfully Toru Dutt might have described scenes of tragic passion had she lived to develop her genius. We have a marvellous picture given us of the inexperienced and innocent girl thrown into the society of this strange family,—the excitable Countess, who showers affection on her, and the two sons—Dunois, morbid and eccentric, subject to long paroxysms of torpor, followed by violent accessions of excitement, and Gaston, with a strange jubilant look always on his face, avoiding the others as much as possible. One night in particular is described with great power. Dunois complains of headache, and they sit together in the firelight. Gaston goes out, though the snow is falling fast. Marguerite sits on the ground near Dunois's sofa, to read to him by the firelight, and presently he falls asleep.

Bientôt sa mère entra, et le voyant endormi, elle vint s'asseoir près de moi; elle me fit appuyer la tête sur ses genoux, et, tout en passant sa main sur mes cheveux, elle regardait son fils.

"Il est beau, n'est-ce pas?"

Je ne répondis point.

"Il ressemble à son père, mais il n'a pas son caractère patient. Je le voudrais voir marié. S'il épousait une fille comme toi, je mourrais contente."

Je rougis; elle le vit.

"Tu l'aimes donc?" demanda-t-elle doucement, et comme je cachais ma figure dans sa robe, elle reprit:

"Voyons, pourquoi rougir? N'est-il pas digne de toi, ni toi de lui? Le désir de mon cœur est de te voir sa femme; alors il aurait quelqu'un pour l'aimer et pour le soigner, comme sa pauvre mère." Elle me fit lever la tête, et m'embrassa tendrement.

"Va, mon enfant, je t'aime plus que jamais, parce que tu aimes mon Dunois."

In the tremendous tragedy that suddenly follows upon this quiet scene, Marguerite mounts to a great nobility of mind. She rules and tends the shattered family; and to Dunois, in his crime and madness, she offers her love as passionately as she withheld the token of it in his prosperity. *Le Journal de Mlle. d'Arvers* is a very melancholy and tragic novel, but it is one of great power and beauty.

Every reader, however, will regret that Toru Dutt's ambition led her to imagine life in Europe instead of describing what lay around her. A novel of Hindoo manners by a Hindoo of such genius and insight would have been, not a mere curiosity, as Mlle. d'Arvers must always remain, but an invaluable addition to our knowledge of the East. There is every reason to believe that in intellectual power Toru Dutt was one of the most remarkable women that have lived. Had George Sand or George Eliot died at the age of twenty-one, they would certainly not have left behind them any proof either of application or of originality superior to those bequeathed to us by Toru Dutt; and we discover little of merely ephemeral precocity in the attainments of this singular girl. Mr. Carlyle's definition of genius as the ability to take infinite pains is exemplified in what we know of Toru Dutt's untiring energy and literary pertinacity. We have left her story, like that of Cambuscan, half told; but the reader will not be inclined to quit Mlle. d'Arvers till her history is closed, and will be ready to admit that, however little real knowledge of France and French society the story shows, it displays great truth and force in the delineation of character, and a surprising command over pathos and passion.

We have given two specimens of Toru Dutt's French prose; we close this notice with an extract from her English verse:—

The rural sounds of eve were softly blending—

The fountain's murmur like a magic rhyme,

The bellow of the cattle homeward wending,

The distant steeple's melancholy chime;

The peasant's shouts that charms from distance borrow,

The greenfinch whirring in its amorous flight,

The cricket's chirp, the night-bird's song of sorrow,

The laugh of girls who beat the linen white.

The breeze scarce stirred the reeds beside the river,

The swallows saw their figures as they flew

In that clear mirror for a moment quiver,

Before they vanished in the clouds from view.

And schoolboys wilder than the winging swallows

Far from the master with his look severe,

Bounded like fawns, to gather weeds, marsh-mallows,

And primrose-blossoms to the young heart dear.

BESANT'S RABELAIS.*

THE task undertaken by Mr. Besant in this volume is not only one requiring a particular combination of knowledge and sympathy, but has, as he himself remarks, a peculiar and almost unique difficulty. His fellow-worker who sets before the English public a handbook to Dante, Pascal, Goethe, or Cervantes, does not indeed address himself to scholars; but he may presume on the part of his reader, if not actual acquaintance with the text of the author either in the original text or through translations, at least a fair chance of his being able and willing to acquire it. Thus he is free to refer more or less to the books themselves, and make the best use he can of his limited space for illustration and criticism. Such freedom is denied, for obvious reasons, to Mr. Besant. The writer "who would treat of Rabelais . . . must refrain from advising his readers, unless they are undertaking a serious study, to follow up his own account by reading the original. Alone among the great writers of the world Rabelais can be appreciated by students only. To the general reader, to the young, to women in all ages, he is a closed book." So says Mr. Besant with perfect truth. And yet the book is one of the great books of the world; it is as much the great book of the Renaissance as the *Divina Commedia* of the middle ages. Entirely different in spirit and purpose, as their times were different, they both have a vast encyclopædic character which, apart from the merits of any particular episode, fills the imagination and gives weight and volume to the impression of the whole. In both we have the pouring out of a widely ranging, yet thoroughly individual genius; a genius that uses with equal readiness far-fetched erudition and minute knowledge of things and places and home, and uses them alike in unexpected ways. In both, again, the contemplative mind struggles with the bitterness of personal disappointment and wrong. Lastly, Dante shares with Rabelais, though from wholly diverse causes, something of the solitary and unfamiliar state which Mr. Besant ascribes to Rabelais alone. How many of those who begin to read Dante ever get beyond dabbling in a few cantos of the *Inferno*? It may be that those who read Rabelais worthily (and only such, of course, must be counted) are even fewer. Yet we would fain hope that Mr. Besant is a little too hard on the world in this. A certain amount of scholarship is needed for the appreciation of Rabelais, but it need not be the scholarship of a professional student. And, on the other hand, scholarship is not enough; the fitting mood and temper are more. As Kingsley somewhere says, Rabelais hid his candle, not under a bushel, but under a dunghill. Those who have no eyes for his light, and still more those who take any pleasure in the dunghill for its own sake, are profane and unfit to come near Rabelais, however learned they may be. It is not "a grand renfort de besicles" that they will be enlightened to comprehend him. On the other hand, those for whom Rabelais is fit company are not bound to bring to him any very formidable provision of historical and critical apparatus. The special allusions and obscurities are not, like Dante's, so many and of such kinds that one must have them explained or lose the whole meaning of the passage. And Mr. Besant will doubtless find a welcome, not only among those who are fated to know Rabelais only at second-hand, but with readers of him at first-hand who are not above being thankful for a commentary.

Mr. Besant's competence as a student of French literature is already known. He adds to this the feeling which the expounder of a great author ought always to have towards him, to make the work satisfactory; an admiration touching upon enthusiasm, but not blinding criticism. The biographical chapter, with its lively description of Rabelais's birthplace and surroundings, is well fitted to lay hold on the reader's interest. From a purely artistic point of view, description is perhaps allowed to run a little too far, considering how much remains to be done in how little room. But we must remember that the problem before Mr. Besant is to arrest and capture, if it may be, readers to whom Rabelais is little or nothing more than a name. Meanwhile he does not neglect to make really critical points on his way. He observes, for instance, that the current statement that Rabelais was a child of the Renaissance "is only true so far as dates go." The Renaissance broke upon him all at once; he became a free man and a man of the world in his mature age. "Rabelais went as a boy into the darkness of his cell full of the old world prejudices, ideas, and traditions, and came out of it after many years of twilight into a sunshine which dazzled him." In this Mr. Besant finds the explanation of his attitude towards the Reformation, which is again spoken of at the end of the book as one of his great faults or misfortunes. "It was at that time all important that, as in England, the scholars should range themselves on the Protestant side. Rabelais refused to do this. More, he set an example which deterred other scholars, and kept them, in sheer impatience, in the enemy's camp." We agree with Mr. Besant in holding that the underling of the movement of scholarship from the movement of the Reformation just at the time when they needed one another is a thing most deeply to be deplored. Though it was less marked in England than elsewhere in that earlier stage, it is ultimately answerable for the hard unloveliness of Puritanism and all the mischiefs that directly and indirectly rose therefrom. But the split went much further than the field of Rabelais's influence on

his own generation, and much deeper than the cause assigned by Mr. Besant for Rabelais's holding aloof. There is reason to believe that scholars were, on the whole, startled and displeased at the line taken by the Reformation as soon as it became developed. The great reformers of scholarship, Erasmus and Reuchlin, refused to go with it as completely as Rabelais, and confined themselves to self-defence in their passages of arms with ecclesiastical authority. In England More's aversion to Tyndale and the reformers generally was as much the feeling of a scholar as of a Catholic. In France itself, in a later generation, Montaigne, a typical scholar with all his individuality, is no more favourably disposed than Rabelais. An extreme case of the antagonism between the scholarship of the Renaissance and Protestant orthodoxy is afforded by the fate of Servetus. We cannot see our way, then, to making Rabelais answerable for the French King not having entered upon a Gallican reformation. "Had that assemblage of scholars which met together in banquet after the acquittal of Dolet gone boldly over to the camp of Geneva," as Mr. Besant wishes they had done, is it so certain that the camp of Geneva would have welcomed them? A more cultivated Luther, or a reforming Pope of cosmopolitan genius, might perhaps have attracted the forces of scholarship either way. As it was, they remained in sullen or amused indifference. The scholars appear to have looked on the reformers as a set of violent and partly ignorant zealots, who went to work in a coarse blundering way, and with a new dogmatism little more palatable than the old.

But it is full time to return to the chronicles of Gargantua and Pantagruel. Mr. Besant, while he does full justice to the thread of serious purpose that runs through Rabelais's tale even at its wildest, rightly dismisses with brief contempt the so-called keys of the two ingenious persons who have sought to interpret the work as a complete historical allegory. Pantagruel, Panurge, Friar John, and the rest of them are not historical persons, but types. Mr. Besant's explanations generally succeed in preserving the just mean, and his comments are never idle. In expounding the argument of the adventures narrated by Rabelais he is clear and succinct, and he is likewise happy in choosing the best points to dwell upon. Thus the account of Gargantua's education—praised, not without reason, as a fine and pure specimen of the wisdom underlying Rabelais's buffoonery—is pretty fully abridged; and the Abbey of Thelema, "a vision which should have come to some great poet, and been wedded to immortal verse," has a chapter, though a short one, to itself. We are not sure, however, that Rabelais throws himself into the vision, or means the reader so to do, quite so fully as Mr. Besant would have us think. The one rule of the Abbey—*Fay ce que voudras*—is, we have somewhere heard, only the half of a couplet; the other half, whereof Rabelais makes no mention, runs thus—*avoir fait quand tu mourras*—and gives, as will be seen, a rather different turn to the sentence. Thelema is an ideal of human life, not in this world, but in a world where trouble and care, and the end of all, may be put clean out of sight. Not but that there is room for more than one interpretation, even if we suppose Rabelais to have had the second half of the distich in his mind. The "free, well-born, well-bred" brethren of Thelema, who "have naturally an instinct which prompts them to virtuous actions and withdraws them from vice," would have no occasion to be ashamed of following their own will when it came to the final account. For we are to think of their will, not as roving appetite or fancy, but as made like Dante's in the vision of Purgatory, "free, right, and whole," a faithful guide whose possessor is crowned priest and king over himself.

Pantagruel and Panurge are introduced to the English reader with all due observances, including as to the exploits of Panurge, and for good reason, much omission. The wonderful catalogue of the library of St. Victor gets about a dozen lines; quite its fair share according to the scale of Mr. Besant's book. Yet we wish he could have found room for the title of that high and solemn disputation, "*Utrum Chimæra, in vacuo bombinans, possit comedere secundas intentiones, et fuit debeat per decem hebdomadas in concilio Constantiensi.*" It is worth noting that there appear in various degrees of indignity some of the chief names of those enemies of the new learning on whom an unenviable immortality is more largely conferred in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. The succeeding adventures are told with judicious condensation, and so as to make room for choice extracts from the most finished chapters, such as Panurge's great discourse in praise of debt. Of the various oracles consulted by Panurge on the question of his marriage a fuller account is given than we should have thought practicable in the space. The only presentable side of Rabelais to which Mr. Besant fails to do justice in the translated pieces is the display of erudition and classical instances, characteristic of the time as well as of the man. As we go on to the story of the Quest of the Bottle, we find one or two little slips or doubtful criticisms. Thus the herb ethiopsis which acts as a master key, the fish remora which stops a ship in full sail and draws gold out of a well, the herb that drives wedges out of wood, and two or three other wonders of the like sort, are not mentioned as discoveries of Gaster's, but adduced as not more wonderful than his invention for reversing the path of a cannon-ball; and the context, so far from suggesting that Rabelais accepted these matters on the faith of Pliny, seems to us to leave little or no doubt that he believed no more of them than we do. Moreover, something more than doubt of Pliny's tales has been expressed in an earlier chapter of the work. And we much doubt if the island of Odi, "*en laquelle les chemins cheminent,*" will bear any serious meaning. If "the roads which carry us along by

* *Rabelais*. By Walter Besant, M.A. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1879. (In the "Foreign Classics for English Readers" Series.)

their own movement represent the wave of ideas by which we are borne along," what are we to make of the "grand paillard lequel avoit battu un chemin et lui avoit rompu une cote"? Considering the shortness and desultory nature of the chapter, we incline to think it pure nonsense.

Minor differences, however, must inevitably arise in the explanation of a long and designedly obscure work like that of Rabelais. On the whole, we cannot too highly commend the skill and judgment with which Mr. Besant has traced out its general scope, portrayed the most striking episodes, and made the author's genius intelligible to English readers, within limits which at almost every page he must have lamented that he could not enlarge. We hope, too, that this will not be Mr. Besant's last word on Rabelais. He expresses a hope that some Englishman may undertake a critical edition of Rabelais such as is still wanting. Perhaps it is not in vain to wish that it may be undertaken by Mr. Besant himself, and that in the meantime he may help to make Rabelais less of a sealed book by giving us a volume of selections. We believe it would be quite practicable, for many of the best chapters, for example the education of Gargantua, would need only the slightest omissions to be made free of modern society. Expurgated editions are as a rule an abomination to scholars. But we think in this case not of an expurgated edition, but of a carefully made selection, the case being one where for a great number of readers who might find pleasure and profit in such a selection the choice is between that and nothing.

MY LADY GREEN SLEEVES.*

A HEAVY weight of responsibility surely rests on the shoulders of the editors of the various cheap series of literature that are at present in course of publication. By the help of the Ancient Classics for English Readers, the Foreign Classics, and the Manuals of literature, a very dull person without having made any great effort is now able to make a most astonishing display of ignorance. A month's reading does more for him than a whole year's reading could have done a short while ago. Ten years ago it would have been impossible for a female novelist to have written such a book as *My Lady Green Sleeves*, unless she had first dipped into every volume of an extensive Cyclopaedia. But Miss Helen Mathers, fortunately for herself, lives at a time when every facility has been afforded to people for writing about that of which they are utterly ignorant. In the first place, she writes a very silly story, and uses very silly language. In this, however, she has no advantage over the authors of a former generation. Perhaps we go too far in saying no advantage. We ought to remember that by the help of poets, historians, art critics, and novelists, a style has been in the last few years constructed that is very easily caught, and is at the same time far more extravagantly foolish than any style that the world had hitherto seen. The only kind of writing that could in any way rival it was that of some of the most pompous of the old pedants. If the old proverb is true that no one could be a thorough fool unless he knew Latin, they certainly had an advantage over many among the more modern writers. But that advantage is lost by the publication of these series of which we have spoken. Any one can easily display a smattering of learning without having taken the trouble to make himself what the old woman called a Latiner. Moreover, he has this advantage, that he can with some certainty count on his readers being almost as much smatterers as himself. They will therefore be always able to flounder with him whenever he starts on fresh courses of learning. Miss Helen Mathers, however, goes far beyond any ordinary reader. She has all the learning of one who has read steadily up to the latest volume that has been as yet published in each of the series. She can write familiarly about Plato, Johnson, Mirabeau, Dryden, Empedocles, Philip of Macedon, Plautus, Lucian, Rabelais, Feuerbach, Mohammed, Gil Blas, Seneca, Michael Angelo, the Wise Men of Greece, Darius, that Arya of the Aryans, as she calls him, and Artemus Ward. She brings in a drunken old reprobate, and she makes him in his liquor talk as learnedly as herself:—"To throtle," he says, in an excited hiss, 'that is what the word Sin signifies in the Sanskrit, for the hold that sin takes upon a man is as the grasp of the murderer on the throat of the victim—Sin—Drink—Satan—they are all one.' This first-volume hiss, we must observe in passing, excited though it was, is not nearly so wonderful as one in the third volume, and yet this latter hiss was not about Sanskrit, and was only in one word, and, in fact, in one syllable. There, we read, "She hisses the last word in his ear with such violence that he seems literally to stagger under it for a moment." But we must return to our author and her learning. She has a good deal to tell about the religions of the world and the sun-myths. "Tom Thumb swallowed by a cow, but coming out unhurt; and Jonah swallowed by a fish that cast him ashore unharmed, are legends telling of the night devouring the sun." She has something to tell of "the dawn-animal, the Eozoön," from whom distinctly, as she says, we inherit idleness. "If," she writes in this same chapter, "since the world began, as fierce a war had been waged against ignorance, as against knowledge, to what heights of culture should we not by now have attained?" The war against ignorance need not always be fierce, we would remind her. The study of Lindley Murray, for instance, can surely be pursued with mildness, and

carries the student some little way up "the heights of culture." Had Miss Mathers ever learnt English grammar she would scarcely have spoiled the paragraph that comes just before the Eozoön by using an adverb as if it were an adjective. "Simple, beautiful, and grimly by turns," she writes, "are the guesses made by man at a former state." The study of French and of Latin is no fiercer than that of English grammar, and yet if we may hazard what Miss Mathers calls "a grimly guess," she has devoted herself but little to either one or the other. In French indeed, she is very careful about her accents. Thus she writes *ménu*, whereas Frenchmen in general are content to write *menu*. But what must we say to "*l'audace, l'audace toujours* (*sic*), *l'audace*," which we are told should surely be man's motto with woman? We should certainly hesitate before we tried to pass off *longours* with a woman as a French word. We should be careful first to ascertain to what height of culture she had attained. Neither should we like to quote to her the French writer Jean Jacques Rousseau (*sic*) whom Miss Mathers would seem to have studied, nor the German writer Goethe (*sic*). Nor should we care to speak about the draughts of advice, experience and worldly knowledge that we have received from our Galamiel (*sic*). It might be safe perhaps to talk to her, as Miss Mathers does, of a *corpus vilum* (*sic*) for a woman is not expected to know Latin. It is expected, however, that, not knowing it, she shall not attempt to write it. There is some consolation for the author in this astounding display of her ignorance. She is at the same time displaying her happiness, for "The longer I live," she writes, "the more clearly I see that to be ignorant is the only sure recipe for happiness in this world." We have not by any means as yet gone through all her claims to the full and clear possession of this important recipe. Her English is sufficient to establish it without the help of any foreign learning. She opens her story with the following verse, of which we assume she is the author:—

The light upspringeth, the dew down dingeth,
The sweet lark singeth her hours of prime;
Phœbus up-spengeth joy to rest wentheth,
So lost is mine intent and gone is the time.

Here surely must be happiness enough in the ignorance that can mistake dew that dingeth, Phœbus that up-spengeth, joy that wentheth, for English and sense. We remember among our school-fellows a poor half-witted fellow, who said that he never made more than one poem in his life, and that was

Bread and butter
Cows for supper.

But surely he had reached a far greater height of culture than the writer of these silly lines. On the next page we come to a March wind, which with his boisterous caress surprises subtle scents that lurk in a million folded buds. More happiness for the author! A line further on we come to the following passage:—

On the lulls that follow on his stormy outbreaks, one may hearken to and taste heaven's very breath and whisper, as it airily comes and goes through the tree-tops, or passes like a sigh through the hedgerows, and across the meadows, and the life in one will swell and glow for joy of it; and we thank God for what we are, not for what we have, or may be.

Yoicks!

"Yoicks! do you exclaim after writing such silly stuff as that?" the reader will cry out. "Go to Mr. Burchell for the proper exclamation, and shout out Fudge!" But Miss Mathers knows better, for she remembers what is the recipe for happiness. We next come to a pear-tree that elected in a single night to burst into bloom, and later on to an espalier walk that also elected to rush out into a superb arcade of rose and white. More happiness for the author! We read of a pale shimmer of green, of the shimmering green of the young year that caught the sunlight, and of a morning that had stretched herself, and was awake. We find Dame Nature crimping, nicking, fluting, and crannyng the young leaves at their birth. We are told that everywhere is seething, nascent life, that each moment precipitates itself blindly a step further on the path of knowledge. Let the reader pause a moment and think over life that, as it is being born, seethes, and at the same moment blindly precipitates itself one step on the path of knowledge, and then let him throw up his hat high in the air, if he happen to have one on his head, and shout for joy over the certainty of the author's happiness. But if he still doubts whether she possesses the recipe, let him read on till he comes to passionate stinging rain-drops, the royal flush and wealth of accomplished spring, a wind-bag that struts to and fro, the human throb of ecstasy that ruffled the wings of that superb tranquillity on which the hero rested, the darkness of a tragedy that was subtly woven in with the simple story of home life, and arms that gleam like living snow. Let him read on till he comes to the following passage:—

To what shall I compare her as she stands before me?—flame? night? a whirlwind? There was a time when I counted Green Sleeves dark—now, in my memory, she shines white as a sea-mew beside the dark splendour of a loveliness that seems to fill my miserable room with warmth and colour. I turn aside with a shudder.

Let him cry not out at a splendour that was dark and like night, and that at the same time filled a room with colour. Let him not in answer to the inquiry "To what shall I compare her?" exclaim, "Compare her, for all I care, to a pumpkin, or a broomstick, or a porcupine." Let him restrain his impatience and master his envy and say, "Oh happy, thrice happy author! You by undoubted right are in possession of the only sure recipe for happiness in this world."

We have been so carried away by our consideration of the author's happiness that we have left ourselves but little space to

* *My Lady Green Sleeves*. By the Author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

examine the plot of her story. To tell the truth, we did not make it out with any great degree of clearness; for the language in which it is told is so confusing, and the learning with which it is "subtly woven" is so astounding, that we almost forgot to think about the hero and heroine. However, this we make out—that the hero was twice married; that both his wives were living at the same time; and that, as a kind of balance to this, one of the wives had at least three husbands, who were also all alive at one time. From all three husbands she, at different times, had run away. Her first she unfortunately suddenly met years after her desertion, at a time when there was "the ferocious glare of the maniac in his bloodshot eyes, flecked with yellow." It was by moonlight, we would remark, that the red and yellow in his eyes were thus seen. He seized her, "shaking her in his grasp as a terrier shakes a rat, his distorted face glaring frightfully on hers as his long bony fingers strangle the very cry in her throat." Her second husband, the Russian Count, was a long way off, or he might have come to her help. Her third husband, the hero, hit the maniac a blow between the eyes that might have felled an ox, and saved her life. Full of gratitude, she spared him all further trouble and vanished from the scene. He hurried back to the heroine to tell the good news, but he found her at death's door. Whether she would recover, he writes, "nor I, nor any medicine, nor any man living upon earth can know." When the author makes the hero say that no medicine can know whether the heroine will recover, she proves, beyond doubt, that he too is in possession of the recipe for happiness.

MODERN CHROMATICS.*

IT is now about fifty years since Chevreul called general attention to some of the most striking physiological effects among the phenomena of colours, and made an important contribution towards the classification of colours, chiefly in reference to their employment in the arts. In the capacity of a chemist he had been called in to superintend the dyeing department of the manufactory of the Gobelins tapestry. Complaints existed of certain tints in use, and especially of a want of vigour in the blacks employed to furnish shades in blues and violets. This he found did not depend upon any inherent fault in the blacks themselves; but he satisfied himself that they were weakened by the effect of contrast with the colours occurring next to them. In other cases the effect of different colours placed in juxtaposition is heightened; and the result is affected by contrasts of tone and intensity as well as by the contrast of mere tints. Chevreul announced the existence of the law of simultaneous contrast, and there can be no doubt that his work has been of considerable use to all since engaged in textile and decorative art. But many of his conclusions have been modified or altered by the observations of subsequent writers. He did not adopt Young's simple colours—red, green, and violet—but fell in with the more usual, though less scientific, division of the primary colours into red, yellow, and blue. In common, too, with Young, he was not aware of the different effects due to the mixing of colours upon the retina itself by rotation or superposition, and those due to the mixing of pigments. The colour-top, of which so much use has been made by Maxwell and other investigators, was unknown to both. The exact study of the solar spectrum and of its fixed lines had hardly commenced, and a large part of the science of physical optics is of subsequent creation.

Professor Rood has now done good service both to science and to art by publishing his present work on colour, in which he collects the remarks of the most recent observations by others, and adds to them some valuable contributions of his own. In his preface he announces his adherence to the theory of Young as modified and explained by Maxwell and Helmholtz; and he claims to have devoted much leisure time to the study of drawing and painting, and to the society of professional artists. Thus he is qualified in an unusual degree to deal with his subject, both in its scientific and practical bearings.

It has been known to painters of all ages that every colour can be obtained upon the palette by appropriate combinations of red, blue, or yellow pigments. Hence the general belief in these as the so-called primary colours. This theory was maintained very strongly by Sir David Brewster, asserting that these were the three original or fundamental kinds of light, and that all the varieties of coloured light are produced by this mixture in the same way in which different tints are formed by the admixture of various colouring matters in the arts. And in this way it was stated and accepted that green light is a compound of a blue and yellow light; just as the colour green results from blending blue and yellow paints. It is one of the many instances of errors long maintained which occur in the history of science, that a theory capable of such simple experimental disproof should have obtained such universal credence. It has been conclusively shown by Maxwell, using rotating disks, and by Lambert and Helmholtz, employing other contrivances for affecting the retina simultaneously with blue and yellow light, that the mixture of pure blue and yellow results in producing, not green, but white light.

In the solar spectrum the human eye can distinguish and appreciate a thousand different tints. A colour scale published a couple of years ago, intended to establish a universal standard of reference

for artists, dyers, dressmakers, &c., exhibited forty-two colours in about nine hundred shades. Every portion of the retina can seize and transmit to the brain every one of these; and the mode of action suggested by Young is, that each elementary portion of the retina is capable of receiving three different sensations, being supplied with three nerve fibrils, severally adapted to respond to certain vibrations of the luminous ether—with long intervals, medium intervals, and short intervals—which are known to create the perception of red, green, and violet light. But each set of nerves is also capable of transmitting, though in a less degree, the sensations which belong more fully and properly to the other two—the three kinds of coloured light acting on the three sets of nerves, but each most powerfully on that which is especially assigned for its own reception. Helmholtz, who continued the researches of Young, has shown precisely the extent to which each of the colours encroaches on the domain of its companions, and the degree to which the three sets of nerves are acted upon by them. In the same way the seven tints of Newton, or the six tints now adopted in the solar spectrum (Newton's indigo being discarded), are produced by the overlapping of the three elementary colours. It further results that, if all three sets of nerves are at the same time nearly equally excited, the sensation of white light will be produced.

It was not Young's fate to command attention to his great discoveries in his lifetime. A triad of flippant articles by Brougham in early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review* prevented the acceptance in England of his revival of the undulatory theory of light. It would be amusing, if it were not sad, to read the words with which Young's announcements were greeted, as containing "nothing which deserves the name either of experiment or discovery, and, in fact, destitute of every species of merit." And in another place the following passage may be found:—"We now dismiss the feeble lucubrations of this author, in which we have searched without success for some traces of learning, acuteness, and ingenuity, that might compensate his evident deficiency in the powers of solid thinking, calm and patient investigation, and successful development of the laws of nature, by steady and modest observation of her operations." And, be it remembered, it is Brougham who is rebuking Young for want of steadiness and modesty! The generous appreciation of his labours in science by such philosophers as Biot, Fresnel, and Arago secured for him the reputation which he had so well earned, but which he did not live to enjoy. In the theory of colours it has been reserved for Helmholtz and Maxwell to establish firmly and to extend the work of Young.

Helmholtz, however, has observed that the choice of the three particular colours, red, green, and violet, is to a considerable extent arbitrary, and that any three tints might have been selected which in their combination would produce white light. The only mode of deciding this point is suggested by Professor Rood. The normal eye, equally capable of seeing all colours, cannot decide in the matter; yet a tribunal—not like justice, blind, but only colour-blind—may be resorted to with success. Colour-blindness to red is the most common form of the infirmity, and this indicates red as certainly one of the primitive colours. And if this is so, the other two colours must be green, and some shade of blue or violet. For red, yellow, and blue light will produce neither white nor green when mixed.

Following out the theory to the explanation of the non-fundamental colour sensations, we get yellow from the joint action of the red and green nerves; and other tints are in the same way produced by various combinations.

The precise tone of green, red, or violet, to be adopted as the primitive colours is open to some slight amount of choice; and different observers have taken them from different parts of the solar spectrum; but the theory remains unaffected by these trifling divergencies.

The result of mixing blue and yellow pigments in the production of green, as now explained, is very clearly given by Professor Rood. Supposing the two pigments to be mixed in dry powder, it will be impossible, even with a microscope of moderate power, to separate to the sight the particles of each; and the superficial layer of particles will send to the eye a mixture of blue and yellow light, producing a yellowish grey or dirty white. But the light falling on the mixture which penetrates to lower layers undergoes in its passage through them and its return to the eye a process of absorption—that is to say, the yellow particles absorb the blue and violet rays, the blue particles absorb the red, orange, and yellow rays. Some green light is also absorbed, but in much smaller quantity. Therefore the two pigments, say chrome-yellow and ultramarine blue, will absorb all the colours of white light, except a residuum of green, and it will be green light alone which survives and makes its way to the retina.

Some of the differences of effect in mixing pigments by rotation on the colour-top, and on the palette, are very curious. Violet-carmine and Hooker's green on the top give a yellowish grey; on the palette, brown. Gamboge and Prussian blue on the top give pale greenish grey, and on the palette a full blue-green. Carmine and green, by rotation, give a flesh-tint, and mixed on the palette result in a dark red. The lesson from these observations for artists is not to rely upon the effects of combining colours upon the palette in the endeavour to put upon canvas or paper the effects in nature which depend upon the mixtures of coloured lights. Very extensive tables are given showing the colours resulting to the eye when various coloured lights are made to fall on paper painted with different tints, and these lead to the same practical conclusions for the artist studying to repeat the true colours seen in nature.

* *Modern Chromatics; with applications to Art and Industry.* By Ogden N. Rood, Professor of Physics in Columbia College. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879. (International Scientific Series.)

The subject of complementary colours is fully discussed, and a mode is explained of calculating the relative intensities of pigments which are complementary to each other, which cannot fail to be of considerable practical use. A chapter is devoted to the effect produced on colour by varying illumination, and by actual mixture with white light. It is well known that scarlet cloth appears orange under bright sunshine, and that green tends to become yellow, and even the pure colours of the spectrum are similarly modified. Taking the case of green, when its intensity is low it acts almost entirely on its own set of nerves; but when stronger it brings into action its collateral effect on the red and, to a smaller extent, on the violet nerves; so that, all three being affected, there is the result of some white light. But, as the violet nerves are least affected, the red nerves bear the chief part in the modification of the colour, and infuse a yellowish tint, passing ultimately, if the light is strong, to a whitish yellow. And so with red and violet, in which analogous changes take place when the retina is strongly excited by the addition of white light. It is stated that the whitest white paper is only fifty-seven times as bright as the darkest black paper, and this gives the extreme limits of contrast of illumination available to a painter. Yet, by the use of such colours as are produced in nature by intense white light falling upon coloured surfaces, as above explained, the presence of a powerful light is indicated, and an effect of intense brightness is suggested, if not actually produced. The effects of reducing the light upon the colours of the spectrum are equally remarkable. As the illumination decreases the spectrum at length shows scarcely more than the three colours, red, green, and violet. Then the violet disappears, after it the red, the green remaining, though feeble, and being finally replaced by a simple grey. As with mixing light so with mixing darkness, so to speak, experiments may be made with the colour-top, using black disks in conjunction with those of different colours. The general tendency is towards a darkish blue, as in the addition of light it was towards a whitish yellow. In nature such effects may be observed under moonlight or upon dark days. As remarked by Helmholtz, the simple viewing of a sunny landscape through a pale blue glass suggests the idea of a cloudy day; while, on the other hand, looking at the landscape on a dull day through a pale yellow glass lights it up at once as if with sunshine. A curious effect occurs, as noticed by Dove, when paintings are seen in a picture-gallery as twilight is deepening and light is withdrawn from them. The reds and yellows are relatively more luminous under bright light than blue and violet, the latter having the advantage when the illumination is feeble. So that the colouring of the same picture will appear different according to the amount of light under which it is seen.

To Professor Rood's chapter on the duration of impressions on the retina recent experience in instantaneous photography adds novelty in a branch of physical optics which has been long thoroughly understood. The apparent long streaks of light on ocean waves in sunlight are explained, and the different appearance of waves breaking on the beach as seen by the eye and in such a photograph. Very lately, too, it will be remembered, instantaneous photography has been employed to reveal the true action of a horse's legs when going at the rapid paces of trot, canter, and gallop.

Upon the attempted classification and the various modes of arranging colours in system Professor Rood truly observes that much remains to be done by further observation and experiment before any plan of philosophical classification can be even proposed. Indeed, in any experiments which depend upon the uncorrected conclusions of one sense alone there must be room for much divergence of opinion. Von Bezold, in his *Theory of Colour*, asserts that green, the fullest colour to be found in nature, is also that colour which fatigues the eye least of all. Rood, on the contrary, declares that green light exhausts the nervous power of the eye sooner than light of any other colour.

The subject of contrast, simultaneous or successive, is well illustrated and worked out; and here, as might have been expected, the book will be found of the utmost use to the artist. To him and to the architect and decorator and to their employers the chapters on the combination of colours and their practical applications are more especially addressed, and by them may be studied to the greatest advantage.

The book concludes with a brief mention of two recent theories of colour. According to Hering (*Lehre vom Lichtsinne*, Vienna 1878) the retina is provided with three visual substances, and the fundamental sensations are not three, but six—Black and White, Red and Green, Blue and Yellow. Kühne's is a quasi-chemical theory of vision, depending upon the supposed action of the waves of light upon the substance of the retina, giving existence to different compounds which correspond to the different sensations of colour conveyed to the brain. It has been published in London in the form of a small separate work.

THE GREAT FUR LAND.*

ANY one who preserves a healthy appetite for tales of the prairie and the chase, the shooting of rapids, the trapping of beavers, the arts of medicine-men, and the perils of an Arctic winter, may be commended to this survivor of an almost extinct literature. Mr. Robinson does not tell his readers the object of

his journeys about the Hudson's Bay Territory. He even takes credit for not "wearying" them with "the personal business of the traveller," whom American-wise he degrades into a "traveler." That is a mistake in a book of travels. If the traveller do his work well, he and the public become companions, and the latter appreciates the adventures better for knowing something personally of their subject. But, whatever the author's motive in penetrating the wilderness, whether sport, the prosaic desire to write a book, or, as from casual allusions we should gather, fur with periodical literature thrown in, he must be a courageous traveller and a keen observer. If he is perhaps a little overmuch given to elegant writing, the fault may be pardoned in a work of which the substance seems to have appeared originally in three American magazines and a New York evening paper.

Mr. Robinson's description of a Hudson's Bay winter fully justifies nature in her way of clothing its four-footed aborigines. "The whip-handle burns the hand which touches it; the tea freezes while it is being drunk." The warmest garments and vigorous exercise may make sixty-seven degrees of frost endurable. But not rarely the wind begins to rise over the melancholy plain. Soon it is "howling like a raging beast, and the merciless cold congeals the very heart's blood." This is what is called on the prairie a "poudre day." But, if Mr. Robinson, as a stranger and a visitor, had to choose, he would prefer even a poudre day to some still ones, where "the aspect of all nature is calm and equable as in May." The sunshine entices to a walk, and a fifteen minutes' walk in that clear ether is a fifteen minutes' fight for existence. "A sudden pinch and one's nose is frozen; next go both cheeks; one raises the hand to rub away the ghastly white spots only to add the fingers to the list of icy members. Rub as you will, rub hard, swing your arms—all to no purpose; the little white spots increase in size, until the whole face is covered with the waxen leprosy." Passers-by are not so polite in Manitoba as in Russia. They indicate by a gesture which detail of the face is frostbitten; they do not stop to rub it with snow; in Hudson's Bay charity begins at home, so far as frostbites are concerned. Worse even than the prickles of a poudre day, or the insidious allurements of Arctic sunshine, is a "blizzard," the "white squall of the prairies, the simoom of the plains." "With its advent still life ends, and chaos begins." Mr. Robinson has himself gone through the experience, and scarcely escaped with life and reason. Perhaps it may be a merciful incident of freezing to death, that, as he says, insanity commonly supervenes before the last fatal stage is reached. In a climate like this, which has the one merit that the cold benumbs and is too dry to chill, travelling is both difficult and perilous. The passenger stretched on the thin floor of the sledge feels as if he were being "dragged over a gravel walk upon a sheet." The pleasures of the expedition are not enhanced to an Englishman by the spectacle of the treatment of the dogs which are the Hudson's Bay horses. By hereditary habituation of centuries the Esquimaux dog has been turned into a beast of draught. If the ordinary Hudson's Bay dog is to be ever induced to change his nature after the same fashion, he must be trained more scientifically than by mere blows and curses. The half-breeds who break him in teach him his uncongenial duty by "lashings upon the body while labouring in the trams, systematic floggings upon the head till the ears drop blood, beatings with whip stocks till nose and jaws are one deep wound, and poundings with clubs and stamping with boots till his howls merge into low wails of agony." The soul to such material discipline is a running fire of perpetual execration. The half-breeds who convoy the traveller, running by the side of the sledge at a daily rate of from forty to sixty miles, have French blood in them. They are masters of the French language to the extent of being able to curse their dogs in it. "Curses delivered in French," says Mr. Robinson, "will get a train of dogs through or over anything. If the dog lies down, curse him till he gets up; if he turns about in the harness, curse him till he reverts to his original position; if he looks tired, curse him till he becomes animated; and when you grow weary of cursing him, get another man to continue the process." Happily for the dogs, they are all philosophers. When a sledge upsets, they do not account it their business to interfere, but face about, and, sitting on their haunches, gaze serenely at the wreck. At the halting-ground they snap up the couple of pounds of pemmican and the two large frozen white fish, which they prefer to pemmican, and make themselves excessively comfortable for a long night's slumber in a warm blanket of snow. Woe betide the traveller if the bark of a pack of wolves, "seated like sentries in a huge circle about the camp," have provoked some ancient of the team! The rest respond till daybreak in dismal tenor and rasping soprano to the heartrending bass of the leader. It is their vengeance upon their tired driver for a barbarity which never sleeps.

Mr. Robinson describes as though he had lived among it the thin but heterogeneous population which occupies the region lying between the forty-ninth and sixty-seventh parallels of latitude, and reaching east and west from Labrador to Alaska. In the first place there are the half-breeds. Originally French colonists, they were enticed by the eager competition of the rival Fur Companies into playing the part of intermediaries between them and the Indian hunters. The Companies equipped them with European goods which they sold to the Indians for fur. The coalition of the Companies in 1821 deprived them of this especial employment. But they were become too enamoured of the wilderness to resume civilized life; and they themselves turned trappers and buffalo-hunters. Generally they married squaws, though without

* *The Great Fur Land; or, Sketches of Life in the Hudson's Bay Territory.* By H. M. Robinson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

the help of the Church. Such men pass the winter in villages of log-houses surrounded by ragged and unproductive clearings. Dogs there are in plenty, and ponies which stand about "engaged in melancholy retrospection." A cow sometimes is to be seen, "though it is not likely, as she would be killed and eaten the first time her improvident owner ran short of provisions." In the single room eats and sleeps the whole family. At nightfall blankets and skins are strewn on the floor. All the inmates, except the parents, who occupy the one bedstead of the establishment, crawl under them. Mr. Robinson once, when belated, found himself "the central figure in a closely packed bed of thirteen, filled promiscuously with males and females." The winter employment is chiefly feasting and dancing, any interval being absorbed in smoking and tea-drinking. Each settlement has its "moccasined and straight-haired Paganini." A single ball will last three or four days. The whole neighbourhood attends by relays, the elders dancing and feasting through the day, and the juniors by night. The entire neighbourhood considers itself invited without the formality of notice. A family's winter's provision is often consumed in this one entertainment. That may not matter greatly, as in a half-breed society food is regarded as practically held in common. Any one who chooses may come, and is supposed to be entitled to eat and drink of the best the house possesses. To feed a half-breed is no light thing. Major Butler has calculated, in his *Great Lone Land*, that eighteen pounds of meat are not an impossible daily ration in these regions. The Hudson's Bay Company considers a fair daily ration to be ten pounds of beef. But then ten pounds of beef are equivalent to fifteen pounds of buffalo meat. The half-breed can starve with equanimity; he cannot abstain from eating so long as the house holds food, or that by which it can be obtained. On the approach of spring the instinct of his Indian blood drives him to the woods. He pitches his wigwam, and becomes a savage. He may take a few goods for trade with the tribes, but his real object is hunting and fishing. No one makes a better guide. He never tires, and conducts the traveller in his dog sledge enormous distances for 5*l*. He can ascend or descend rapids in his birch canoe as well as his Indian half-brothers, and better than a salmon. Mr. Robinson relates the shooting of rapids in a way to excite the cupidity of the young gentlemen of the Alpine Club, who find the chances of safety in an ascent unfairly many in favour of life. The Blackfeet and the Crees, whose blood runs in the veins of the half-breed, show in Mr. Robinson's pages all the characteristics they displayed long ago in Cooper's stories. Catholic priests are present in their camps, and they are as nearly Christians as the half-breed, who believes in Purgatory, but hopes to be employed there in chasing the departed spirits of slain buffaloes, is nearly a heathen. Mr. Robinson divides them by their occupations into the Plain Indians who hunt on horseback, and in large companies, and the Forest Indians, "a sort of solitary hunters and trappers on foot." The Blackfeet are chief among the former, the Crees among the latter.

Every Englishman knows all about buffalo hunting. But the subject of trapping fur-bearing animals is a less trite branch of information. The marten or sable, of which about one hundred and twenty thousand skins are annually exported to Europe, and the less valuable mink, which furnishes some two hundred and fifty thousand, are their chief prey. But there is also the fisher, so called because it never fishes, though in one place Mr. Robinson says it does. There are the raccoon, which furnishes fifty-two thousand cheap skins a year, the musk-rat, the lynx, the bear, the beaver, the sea-otter, the buffalo. Skunk skins were for a season very popular. But they are not pleasant to capture, and the animal has to be skinned under water. Hunting after peltry needs and cultivates indomitable self-reliance. The pursuit often leads the hunter too far for his store of pemmican. He has to brave famine as well as bitter cold. For the latter he consoles himself by the thought that the more below zero the cold is, all the finer will prove the fur. His favourite hunting-fields are the frozen forest lakes and swamps. Whenever there is an air-hole in the ice the fish pack in masses so dense that they cannot move freely. This is known by the fox, with its precious silver fur, worth in China and Russia ten pounds sterling, and the mink. They flock thither to their Lenten feasts. The trapper sometimes catches the larger fur-bearing animals with strychnine imbedded in small meat boluses. His favourite instrument, however, is either a "deadfall," by which a heavy log is tumbled upon the marten, or a steel trap resembling a rat-trap except in its larger size and the absence of teeth. He arranges the trap to catch the animal by two legs; for the fox, for instance, "caught by one leg often eats it off close to the trap and escapes on the other three." On the wolf two traps must be expended. Round one the wolf will scratch and eat the bait off. When two are set close together, his foot catches in the one while scraping at the other. Beavers are no longer of the abundance or the value they once were. Improvident rapacity annihilated them in many districts. The silk hat has destroyed their monopoly in one branch of costume. They have ceased to be worth eight dollars a pound. In 1788 Canada supplied Europe with 176,000 skins. Now the yearly number has fallen to 60,000, of which 30,000 are annually caught by various processes of trapping or blockade along the swampy shores and shallows of Peace River. It is a skilful game the trapper has to play against hunger and cold on the one side and the struggle of his victims for life on the other. As if the precariousness of the art he pursues were not in itself sufficiently pronounced, he must also baffle the manoeuvres of a rival hunter. That is the wolverine, the North American glutton; or,

as the Indians call it, Kekwaharkess, or "the Evil One." The wolverine, during the winter, lives off the trapper's labours:—

Day and night he hunts for the trail of man, and when it is found follows it unerringly until he arrives at one of the wooden traps. Avoiding the door he speedily tears open an entrance at the back, and seizes the bait with impunity. If the trap contains an animal he drags it out, and with wanton malevolence tears it and hides it in the underbrush, or in the top of some lofty pine. . . . The hunter's only chance of success is to change ground, trusting to secure a few furs before his new path is found out by his industrious enemy.

Half-breeds and Indians, martens and wolverines, live in this fruitful, but winter-ravaged, wilderness of four millions and a half of square miles. But its lords are the Hudson's Bay Company. The Company's flag, with its motto "P. P. C."—that is, "Pro pelle cutem," skin for skin—waves over a territory a third larger than Europe. Mr. Robinson asserts that the Company in its two centuries of existence has "turned the country to the best account possible by utilizing the sole portion of its wealth which could be profitably exported." Trappers and minks and martens and silver-foxes have now at last received notice to quit. It is likely they might have received it before had not the bribe of an annual 150,000*l*. in furs blinded the corporate sovereign of this huge region to the possible higher uses to which the district might else have been put. There can, on the other hand, be little doubt that the Company has exercised its monopoly with generosity to all within the range of its influence. Even the fur-bearing animals have benefited by a policy so moderate in grasping after gain that, except possibly in the case of beavers, the average yearly catch is not sensibly decreasing. The preservation in fair proportion of the most costly fur is due to the sagacious refusal of the Company to pay much more highly for the silver-fox, for instance, than for the musk-rat. The Indian hunters are dealt with on the same principle that it is folly to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs. The trappers, Indians and half-breeds alike, are all so largely in debt to the Company as to be practically its servants. "In fact, the trapper seems ill at ease when free from pecuniary obligation." But Mr. Robinson, who exaggerates, we fear, the present profits of the Company, testifies that it never uses its power unfairly to increase its gains. It cares for its debtors in health and in sickness. They, on their part, though they may shift their homes hundreds of miles away, seldom, if ever, evade payment of their debts. The balance of barter would certainly seem at one period to have inclined too much in the Company's favour. The regular price of a musket, which cost the Company five dollars, was a number of sables piled up on each side of it until they were level with the muzzle. That was selling dear and buying cheap, even though "seven years often elapse after the trade musket leaves the Company's warehouses in London before it returns in the shape of sable." The prices for peltry have, however, risen now. In any case the Indian receives genuine goods for his skins. The Company allows no inferior wares of their kind, unless it be gilt Birmingham jewelry, to be shipped to its depôts. For instance, there may be purchased "kid gloves at fabulously low prices, the latest styles upon Cheapside and Regent's Park!" Mr. Robinson defends the Company against the charge of bartering rum for fur. That is what the free-traders do. In the Northern district the Company does not even permit spirits to enter the country. If the Company's servants elsewhere ever sell rum to the Indians, it is "only in exchange for provisions when they cannot be got on other terms." In the way of liquors the Company sells not spirits, but tea. For this at two to three shillings a pound the demand is so enormous that the Company imports a hundred and fifty thousand pounds annually into its Northern district alone. The Indian drinks tea greedily and constantly. Unhappily the innocent taste is compatible with much indulgence in rum also whenever he has the opportunity.

The Company is as liberal to its servants as it is just to its trappers. It consists, indeed, of two bodies. The Company, administered in London, furnishes the capital stock. The partnership of the Fur Trade, composed of the Chief Factors and Chief Traders, "the wintering partners," as they are called, with a Governor-in-chief of Rupert's Land at their head, conducts the active business. Beneath the factors and traders are the clerks, who begin with 20*l*. a year, besides board and lodging. After fourteen years of service the clerk, on a vacancy among the traders, succeeds. Vacancies among the factors are filled up by co-optation from the traders. Factors and traders receive, besides rations, a proportion of the annual profits, which amounts on an average for the former to about 1,000*l*. a year, and for the latter to half that sum. But, being from the time he became a clerk fed and lodged freely, and clothed at less than cost price from the Company's shops, the factor or trader draws but little of his income. The bulk, according to Mr. Robinson, accumulates in the Company's hands at compound interest. Thus, by the time when a Company's servant cares to retire, he is a wealthy man. By this time, however, he has been broken in to the life of the wilderness, and is unfitted for a more restless social state. After a brief holiday in England, or in the native country of most of them, Scotland, retired officials commonly return, and build and plant in Manitoba. If they have married, it has been usually, if we may believe Mr. Robinson, through the agency of the Company, which takes care to select according to the circumstances. Character is regarded in the choice rather than deceptive beauty. Mr. Robinson cites a case in which the factor acknowledged the Company's selection:—"Received one wife in good condition. Hope she will prove good, though

she is certainly a very rum one to look at." Life in a Hudson's Bay fort is simple and monotonous. But it has its compensations. The climate, though hard, is healthy. Vegetables are seldom seen, and bread is distributed sparingly. But the table is well supplied with forest dainties, such as buffalo hump and moose nose. Formerly fuel was miserably scanty. The provision was then barely enough for a morning and evening fire. During the day a fur coat and constant tramping were the ordinary substitute, together with the device of wetting the inner walls, and thus freezing out the external air. Now annual supplies of coal are forwarded from England. News in the remote regions may take a year to come. But the officer of the Company easily trains himself to read one year for another. "The pile is laid carefully away, each number being produced and read as its date, one year after publication, is reached." The one real want is not of carvings, or salads, or the *Times* by the newspaper train. Even mosquitoes may be endured, though "they crowd in such numbers at Churchill Factory as to appear to crush one another to death." The dire craving is for society. Some of the depot forts contain forty persons, though others have only from ten to two. But the social freshness even of forty men gets worn out in the course of twenty or thirty years. The result is that a visitor is welcomed rapturously. He pays for the best fare which can be procured and the kindest looks by conveying with him a little of the atmosphere of the outer world. There is a certain sadness in the fact that the servant of the Company, who finds such exquisite enjoyment in the society of the most ordinary traveller from Europe, when he is free to participate in European society for the rest of his life is satiated by a short visit. He flies in disgust back from civilization into the wilderness, there to lay his bones.

TWO MINOR NOVELS.*

DELICIA is, on the whole, a sad story. The heroine, to be sure, marries happily in the end; but, on the other hand, her friend, who, though she does not give her name to the book, is really the more interesting of the two characters, is left in a very desolate state. Besides this, there is one very unhappy marriage. All the troubles of the story arise, as we heard a young lady observe as she laid the book down, because the gentlemen will not come to the point. We had not, when we heard this acute piece of criticism, read the book ourselves, and so could not then tell whether it was just or not. When, however, we had gone through the volume, we found that we entirely agreed with the remark. We doubt whether we should have discovered the fact for ourselves; but it is undoubtedly true that the gentlemen are very slow in coming to the point, and that there is, in consequence, a great deal of suffering. For the heroine, Miss Delicia Mainwaring, it is at one period of the story most fortunate that this slowness prevails. Had Mr. Cyril Stevens proposed to her one evening early in the narrative, she would, without doubt, have accepted him. The words were trembling on his lips; in fact, he did half utter them. But he was a poor weak creature, "a man who could never do anything without wondering the next minute if it would not have been better to have done it differently, or to have left it undone altogether." He did not propose; and in a day or two he fell in love with another girl, Cicely Arbuthnot, whom he afterwards married. He lived to repent his marriage, and to make his young wife still more repent hers. When she had died, he then renewed his suit to Delicia; but by that time she had learnt how poor a creature he was in spite of all his sentimentality. He, however, for the rest of his life had to feel that his sufferings were greatly due to the fact that he had not come to the point. Delicia soon has a second lover; but though she was twenty-six years old when the story opens, yet he will not come to the point till three or four years have gone by. For a long while she believed that he had left her for ever, and both he and she had a great deal of needless suffering. He was not weak and hesitating like Cyril. On the contrary, he was a man of great strength of character. He was embarrassed by one of those wills which in stories are always tripping up the feet of hero and heroine. He was known as Philip Rayton, but he was really Philip Russell, Delicia's long-lost cousin. His father had disinherited him, and leaving all his property to her, had provided in his will that, in case they ever married, all he had left her should go to the next of kin. Philip had left his father's house when Delicia was still a child, and she did not recognize him when he came back from India as Mr. Rayton. Had he only come to the point at once he would have found that Delicia was quite ready to give up everything for his love, and they would have had three or four more years of wedded life. Cicely also had been in love with Philip, and setting the gentleman a better example, such as we may begin to look for in these days of women's rights, had not hesitated in the least to come to the point. She had, in fact, proposed to him, but had been refused. She consoled herself with Cyril for the loss of Philip quite as quickly as Cyril had consoled himself with her for the loss of Delicia. We have not yet come to the end of the misfortunes that arise from timidity and delay. Elizabeth Stevens, who is by far the cleverest

character in the whole story, is in love with Mr. Elliott. This young lady by no means wore her heart upon her sleeve for every daw to peck at. She hated all affectation, the affectation of sentimentality above all others. She had a quick, biting tongue which puzzled and confused those who did not understand her thoroughly. Among these was her lover. He, believing that she did not care for him and was in fact heartless, turned a Roman Catholic, became a priest, and went off to China as a missionary, full of enthusiasm. She remains behind unmarried to mourn over the faults of character which had caused the everlasting division between them. This is by far the worst part of a really clever story. With all submission to the author, who as a woman may claim to have a more accurate knowledge of women's affections, we hold it quite impossible that Elizabeth could have loved such a prig as this Mr. Elliott. The scene at the end when she kneels down before him to receive his priestly blessing, is as absurd as it is melodramatic. It is one more instance of the truth that to write well it is almost as needful to know what to leave out as what to put in. However, be that as it may, had Mr. Elliott come to the point, the Chinese would have had one missionary the less, and this story would have had one married couple the more.

There is fortunately next to nothing seen of Mr. Elliott. The author apparently feels that she is not well fitted for walking on stilts, and whenever she mounts them she jumps down from them as soon as she can. It is not easy to give an example of the liveliness of the talk. To see its full merits it is needful to be acquainted with the characters of the speakers. The following, however, is a fair instance of Elizabeth's talk. She is describing one of her love affairs:—

"He came here often, and he always talked upon the same subject—the merits of a collie dog, of which he was the proud possessor. The dog could do this, the dog could do that—until at length one day, in a fit of envy, for dogs have always been favourites with me, I told him that I was jealous of his possessing such an animal; and he said—"

Here, as Betty paused in her narrative, "Go on," cried several children. "He said," continued Betty, "Miss Stevens, you shall have Beppo for your own if you like, but you must take me with him!" "Sir," I replied, seeing the importance of the situation at once, "I must see the dog first!"

The style in which the book is written is, on the whole, good. We had on p. 169 noticed with much pleasure that the sunlight flickered through the leaves. It was so long since light had left off flickering and had taken to glinting and shimmering that we at once took note of the page with the intention of bringing before our readers so interesting a fact. But, alas, but eleven pages further on our hopes were confounded, for the sun's rays glinted once more. Whence our novelists have got this word "glint" we know not. We are inclined to think that it is a compound of gleam and squint, and is meant to express the golden rays of the sun when they are turned out of their course. At all events, whatever may be its derivation, we beg to assure the author that the use of it is a piece of affectation which would have been very distasteful to such a character as Elizabeth Stevens. In one passage we have noticed a slip of grammar which is not a little surprising. We read of "a marriage between they two." We must object, moreover, to such a phrase as "he was possessed of a great deal of talents." But the book, as a whole, is interesting and lively, and therefore a few such errors as these may well be forgiven.

The Two Mothers is a story of a very different kind. We had objected in *Delicia* to the author mounting for a few moments on stilts, little expecting that in the next book we should take up they would never be laid aside. We were greatly deceived, nay, even disappointed, in the tale. We had looked for a quiet motherly book, written in the interest of the Dissenters or the extreme Low Church. *The Two Mothers* would be neighbours, we had no doubt, and most likely widows. They would have, one of them a son, and the other a daughter, who would enjoy a good deal of what we may perhaps call theological love-making, and would in the end marry. The two mothers would shed tears of joy and declare that they had now nothing left to wish for. However, they would continue to live on, and would prove equally admirable as mothers-in-law. Having raised before ourselves some such peaceful picture as this, we opened the book, and found ourselves plunged into mysteries and horrors. Both the one and the other were greatly increased by the difficulty of understanding them. There was this consolation, however, that for the greater part of the story one of the mothers was in almost as great a confusion as ourselves. She did not know her own son, but tried to have him killed in the massacre at Avignon in 1791, in the belief that he was not her child, but a rival's. Such a confusion seemed to us very pardonable; for, long before we had reached this part of the story, we had found that we, too, were utterly perplexed, not only about this son, but about a good many people also. We could not in the least make out who anybody was. We had to content ourselves with the knowledge that there was a great mystery, and that it would take us a great deal more trouble than it was worth to unravel it. We had, moreover, to consider whether we should try to understand the plot of the story, or the fine language in which it was written. To try to understand both, we felt, would be a useless effort. Had we acted wisely we should have thrown all our strength into one or the other. Unhappily, we halted between the two, and so often failed to understand either. The story opens with a scene in the harbour of Marseilles, where the captain is "ship-shaping his vessel," which was "now buoyant." Why a ship when just ready to start on its voyage for the first time becomes buoyant, we are not told. The cable still held the vessel, though it was "careering about" on the water.

* *Delicia*. By the Author of "Miss Molly," "Eugenie," &c. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1879.

The Two Mothers. By J. M. Joy, Author of "A Dream and the Song of Caedmon," "Labda, and Other Poems." London: Bell & Co. 1879.

Soon, however, it was "fairly under weigh," and then the sails were spread. How the ship careered about when held by the cable, and how it started before the sails were spread, we are not told. But puzzling though the author's nautical terms may be, still more puzzling is the language of the Genoese captain of the ship. He is in one place talking about the French Revolution. "There are," he says, "worse fates than death, and there is so much dross crushing out the streak of gold hidden in this plea for Liberty, that the greatest villainies are committed in her name." He does, however, at times remember that he is a sailor, and so his speech becomes something like a tar's, at least the tar's of the stage. Thus, on one occasion he says that "the man whose life is passed on the capricious ocean, guards against the future by taking bearings of the present." On another occasion he says that "we men of the sea, when on duty and a storm comes on, make taut the tackling." It is surprising to find what an acquaintance most of the characters would by their talk seem to show with the finest style of our modern novelists. To judge from their conversation they must have had them all, in a kind of prophetic way, by heart. Thus a benevolent Abbé—who, by the way, is commonly addressed as Sir Priest, just as if he had been an acquaintance of the late Mr. G. P. R. James—describes the weather on a certain evening for all the world as if he were quoting from a last year's novel:

It was a lovely evening. The sky was of the colour of chrysolite fading into ultramarine, and the pathway of the sun near the horizon was speckled with orange cirri, and one long golden belt of light stretched right across it. Ere I reached the road that led to my cottage, a star here and there began to peer faintly through the transparent ether.

In this passage the Abbé not only anticipates our novelists, but, as the reader learned in the terms of the weather will note, the late Mr. Luke Howard besides. However, as the Convention is made by our author to place troops in Avignon a good year before there was a Convention, so we must not be surprised when the Abbé calls clouds *cirri* years before the name was given to them. We must not pass over one sentence in which the author rises to the full swell of her style. "The inscrutable in our lives," she says, "the wheel within wheel of petty agencies that seem to have in themselves but little perceptible force, are yet in reality levers that mainly conduce to the progression of events." In the next few lines she varies the metaphor by describing "the tiny rillelets that wander round their first obstructions on the broken moorland, exciting but little suspicion that they will be the agency in the boiling cataract beneath." With the inscrutable wheels that are levers and the rillelets that excite but little suspicion, the agency and the boiling cataract, we will take our leave of *The Two Mothers*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THERE is so much merit and so much interest in Judge Shea's study of Alexander Hamilton (1), that we could wish it had been carried further, and converted into a complete biography of perhaps the most eminent American statesman of the best age of American statesmanship. The politicians of the United States have steadily and constantly degenerated since the days of the Revolution. Even the younger generation of Federalists—Madison, Munro, and John Quincy Adams—were hardly, with the exception perhaps of the latter, to be compared with the senior among their contemporaries. Jefferson, decidedly the weakest, the most French, and perhaps for that reason the most characteristically American of those who formed the Cabinet and Court of the first great President, is a more important historical figure than any of the statesmen of the age of Jackson; and has certainly left a name far greater than any belonging to the last half century. But even in his own age Hamilton stands out as distinctly pre-eminent in intellect and in political capacity and judgment as Washington in military capacity, and in that force of personal character, which in his days was still a paramount power in the New World. The great struggle of our own day, certainly not less tremendous nor less stubbornly maintained, scarcely entered upon for a less stake than the War of Independence, produced but one statesman of real power, though, especially on the Southern side, it brought to the front soldiers probably superior to any of those who served with Washington, and one at least equal to the greatest captains of ancient or modern history. Hamilton, therefore, is to Americans and to readers of American history a more interesting personage than almost any merely political character in recent European annals. In an age when finance was the fundamental difficulty of the nascent Union, and a difficulty which, if it had not been fatal to the preceding Confederation, had certainly been the occasion of its most disgraceful failures, Hamilton was the one eminent financier that America possessed, and within two years had placed the American Exchequer on a sound and secure footing. How utterly the Confederation broke down; how deeply it damaged the reputation created by the war, and probably much higher at first than the achievements of the war really deserved; how thoroughly the diplomacy of the United States was discredited not only with England, but with all those European Powers who had regarded with sympathy and had aided with open support or friendly neutrality the struggles of the United Colonies; how signally public faith was broken when the

fulfilment of the obligations undertaken by Congress depended on the co-operation of thirteen wholly independent Powers, is now almost universally forgotten in Europe, and but little, and unwillingly, remembered on the other side of the Atlantic. In truth, under the Articles of Confederation there was no American Government, there was no American State, and there could scarcely be said to exist an American nation. The several States regarded one another with distrust and jealousy, and watched with suspicious vigilance every step taken, every pressure applied by the central authority they had created, if indeed authority can be predicated of a Congress which could do little more than advise or entreat. To understand what Hamilton and that Federalist party of which he was the chief accomplished, it is primarily essential to understand fully the utter weakness, we might better say the absolute impotence, of the Confederate Congress, with the consequences of its incapacity to supply the place of an administration on the one hand, and to obtain fulfilment of its engagements on the other, as well as the passionate dislike to any central control which rendered such a state of things so long endurable and interposed difficulties so great in the path of Hamilton and his followers. Only when we understand what was the chaos out of which he set himself to form the strong, solid, enduring cosmos of the United States, as we have known them for eighty years, only when we understand that this achievement was accomplished in direct contradiction to the public feeling of the day, can we realize the greatness of the task undertaken or of the man who bore the largest share in its accomplishment. Yet the part of Hamilton's life which Judge Shea undertakes directly to relate comes to an end long before the first appearance of those questions to the successful solution of which he owes the greatness of his name. Up to the point at which the story, as told directly, and not by reference and interpolation, breaks off, Hamilton had done nothing that could have caused him to be remembered after the close of the revolutionary struggle. He had taken a precocious though by no means a premature part, when a boy of seventeen, in some of the earlier proceedings that led directly to rebellion and separation. He commanded a company of artillery raised by the State of New York and afterwards mustered into the service of the Continental Congress, and gained credit both as a politician and as a soldier. But he was not a prominent personage till very much later. His military career, though highly honourable and probably much more useful than his countrymen were generally aware, was not especially remarkable, and his principal services were rendered after that acceptance of a post on the personal staff of Washington which terminates the history Judge Shea has written. With the family, the birth, and the early life of Hamilton, even the warmest admirers of his political career are little concerned; and the parts of this volume which are most worth reading are precisely those which a strict adherence to the nominal purpose of the author would have excluded. The chapters and passages, however, which are theoretically interpolations, are not on that account the less valuable or interesting. Like every American biography that has come into our hands, except a very few relating to the soldiers of the Civil War, and chiefly to General Lee, this work is at least thrice as long as the subject justifies or the matter really requires. A heavy octavo, of the largest size, narrating the schoolboy days and subaltern military experiences of Hamilton, even though it contains much valuable information properly unconnected with either, is truly a disproportionate burden on the leisure and memory even of American readers. We know not whether Judge Shea might fairly plead that he had not time to be brief; but this plea certainly cannot avail that enormous majority of Transatlantic biographers who are even worse offenders than he. The duty and the wisdom of compression never occur to them; and, if their heroes are to be known or remembered hereafter, it must be by the work of some one or many others who will undertake the ungrateful task of simply cutting down and compressing into a space commensurate with the interest of the subject and the average leisure of educated men the enormous mass of *matériaux pour servir* which is all that at present American biography—political, personal, and military—furnishes to the public.

To criticize the translation of a German work of great value and interest does not properly fall within the scope of this article. The subject, however, is distinctly and exclusively American, and the book forms so essential a part of any complete library of American history that it is perhaps worth while here to mention the appearance of Mr. Lalor's version of Dr. Holst's *Constitutional and Political History of the United States* (2). The second volume, which is now before us, begins with what is called, by a sarcasm frequently used in his own day, the reign of Andrew Jackson, and covers the first agitation of the slavery question in Congress, the Presidency of Van Buren and Tyler, and the bitter and critical controversy which raged for years over the annexation of Texas.

The documents accompanying the Report of the United States Monetary Commission (3) are of the most various char-

(2) *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*. By Dr. H. Von Holst. Translated from the German by John J. Lalor, A.M. 1828-1846. Jackson's Administration—Annexation of Texas. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(3) *Documents accompanying the Report of the United States Monetary Commission, Organized under Joint Resolution of August 15, 1876*. Vol. II. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trubner & Co. 1879.

(1) *The Life and Epoch of Alexander Hamilton*. A Historical Study. By the Hon. George Shea, Chief Justice of the Marine Court. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. and Trübner & Co. 1879.

acter and value. We have here only the testimony elicited from a multitude of persons of every degree of soundness and knowledge, ignorance and perversity, upon some of the most difficult problems of economic theory and practice. To select the papers that are worth reading, even with the help of the list of witnesses, is a task which probably few English economists will care to undertake; so vast is the rubbish heap from which the jewels of sense and truth, valuable as they are, which are hidden in a mass of nonsense and fallacies, have to be extracted. The elaborate carefully-constructed perversities of Mr. H. Carey, always at issue with the best attested and most unanimously accepted doctrines of the highest economical authorities, the official experience of General Dix, the practical commercial and financial knowledge of Mr. Belmont, the representations of the Baltimore Board of Trade are mixed up and almost lost in the contributions to the literature on the subject rendered by such witnesses as one who thinks that the whole financial and commercial policy of England has been an elaborate conspiracy to cheat foreign nations into adopting Free-trade, a single metallic standard, and other institutions adapted solely to enable her to plunder and exact tribute from, if not finally to ruin, all other countries.

The arguments heard by the General Committee on Patents (4) are equally lengthy, equally beyond the patience of any but professional readers. But the proportion between good sense and folly, practical knowledge and perverse ignorance, are by no means the same in the two volumes.

The Report of the New York Produce Exchange (5) contains a vast amount of valuable figures and a few practical suggestions, which will be of interest, at least, to a considerable portion of the English mercantile community.

A lecture by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a gentleman holding an important post upon the *New York Tribune*, upon newspaper tendencies (6), gives incidentally a good deal of curious information respecting the management and character of the principal American journals, showing, among other things, how ill high literary skill and severe journalistic labour are still paid in the greatest cities of the Union; how very much worse they were paid some twenty years ago.

Among the most curious and interesting scientific works that the medical profession of America has produced is an elaborate treatise by Dr. Jeffries of Harvard on colour-blindness (7); explaining very carefully and in great detail the author's theory of this peculiar deficiency of sense, the methods by which it may be tested and detected, and the views of other investigators, which are always treated with due respect, and mostly with generous appreciation. It is especially interesting to be told, on what is apparently good evidence, what it is that the colour-blind really see. To realize the ideas which, by the aid of other senses, the blind or deaf form of sound or sight must always, we fear, remain impossible. But no question excites more natural curiosity or deserves more painstaking effort to trace, as far as is possible, a comparison which must ever remain imperfect. In regard to the partial deficiency of colour-blindness, however, it seems not impracticable to place ourselves in the position of the sufferers. By careful experiments, repeated over and over again with different materials and in different cases, it has been found practicable to obtain tolerably certain evidence as to the appearance presented by the principal colours to eyes which cannot distinguish them. Colour-blindness is the true word for the defect. It would seem that the eye is really incapable of perceiving certain of the elements of the spectrum; that it is insensible, for instance, to the red or violet rays. Whatever surface, then, reflects these, and these alone, would appear black. Wherever the elementary red, or green, or blue to which the eye is insensible, is mixed with other colours, these alone are discerned. Yellow, as the central portion of the spectrum, is probably always, or nearly always, visible. Orange is to the red-blind yellow weakened and dulled by an admixture of darkness, and green is probably to those who cannot distinguish blue—a much rarer case—yellow similarly impaired in effect. Hence, since most objects reflect more than one set of rays, showing, that is, not a pure but a mixed colour, grey, or colours subdued by grey, must frequently present themselves to the colour-blind eyes. The importance of the whole subject in a practical point of view may be discerned from two facts which appear to be established beyond doubt. Green and red—the two most signally contrasted colours, the two bright colours which can be discerned at a distance, and which to ordinary eyes appear most utterly distinct—are for that reason universally used for signals on railways and by sea. Five per cent. of the subjects examined, with extreme care and by skillfully devised tests, in schools or general assemblages of adults are colour-blind; and of these a very large majority confound these two colours. Among sailors and railway servants, positions of course naturally avoided by those who are conscious of this defect, the percentage varies from

two to three. But the quickness which the colour-blind acquire in discerning differences of light and shade, and the different effects of coloured light and opaque coloured surfaces, render the ordinary tests applied by unscientific men very uncertain; and it is probable that great numbers of accidents, both by sea and land, especially of those which seem most inexplicable, are due to the failure of a colour-blind observer to distinguish under new circumstances flags or signal lights, which he has for years perhaps correctly distinguished under the usual conditions, not as red and green, but as presenting different degrees of light.

The ideas worked out with so much advantage to themselves, so much amazement to the Continental public, and so much quiet amusement to the educated portion of British society, by Messrs. Cook and Gaze, are in character even more thoroughly American than English. The notion of travelling over Europe in masses, of taking a holiday in flocks, of seeing the sights of fifty cities according to a pre-arranged routine, in the worse than solitude of enforced companionship with scores of strangers, suits the instincts of democracy as developed in New York or Cincinnati even better than the gregarious cockneyism of London or Birmingham. But the American inventor of such a scheme would have had the wit to give it a more attractive title and assign to it a more dignified purpose. To avow a mere vulgar curiosity and common convenience as the motive of the tourist, and mere dollars, however honestly gained, as the sole object of the guide, would suit neither the ingenuity nor the pride of an American capable of forming so daring a plan and carrying out so monstrous an organization. It is matter of course, then, that an American edition of Cook's tours should profess something much higher, even if it accomplishes something less, than the real purpose which English audacity openly avows, perhaps because English vulgarity is not yet sufficiently refined to be ashamed of itself. It is equally matter of course that Mr. Cook should not, and that his American anti-type should, give the history of his tour and advertise himself in a volume not confessing itself a guide-book, but professing to be a work of travel. Thus Mr. Holden, recording the Summer Jaunt of M. Tourjée with a party of two hundred and fifty companions through the Old World (8), ascribes to the director the lofty purpose of educating or enlightening his followers, of being a moral and intellectual as well as a geographical guide, and providing intellectual food of a high quality for his guests as well as superintending the *cuisine*, keeping down the bills, and doing the duty of a cicerone and a courier on a gigantic scale. Whether English readers will care to peruse this last and lowest of the multitude of narratives of European travel poured forth every year by the American press we cannot pretend to judge.

Mr. Macfarlane has conceived and carried out a very different work for the service of a much higher class of travellers (9). Railways have done no little service to geology, piercing strata and laying open the stone records of *palaeozoic* ages on a scale which the energy of science would not have reached in the course of centuries. To render the evidences thus laid open available, not merely to the trained man of science, but to the ordinary traveller of fair education, to record briefly, but sufficiently, what might be found in each important cutting or tunnel throughout the Union, was a brilliant and ingenious idea; and, though rendered in the humblest form, without a shadow of pretension or affectation, the service performed to general enlightenment, if not to scientific progress, deserves notice and commendation.

Spain in Profile (10) has the merit of lively writing and readable description—the misfortune of recording nothing that has not been observed and told a hundred times before.

The catalogue of the valuable collection of Spanish and Portuguese books bequeathed by Mr. Ticknor to the Public Library of Boston (11) is of course in no sense literature. But it is certainly a remarkable and perhaps a valuable specimen of bibliography.

Of fiction we have but two volumes this month; a story of French life in olden days by Mr. Leonard Kip (12), and a tale of American out-door life, *Bodines* (13), declared by its author to be a complete practical guide to camping out, which, if not ambitious, is short and readable.

Nadeschda (14) deserves a mention as a conscientious, if not very brilliant, attempt to familiarize the American and English public with the name and work of one of the most eminent Swedish poets of the present century.

(8) *A Summer Jaunt through the Old World: a Record of an Excursion made to and through Europe, by the Tourjée Educational Party of 1878.* By Luther J. Holden. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(9) *The Geologist's Travelling Handbook and Geographical Railway Guide.* By James Macfarlane, Ph.D., Author of "The Coal Regions of America." New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(10) *Spain in Profile: a Summer among the Olives and Aloes.* By James A. Harrison, Author of "Greek Vignettes," &c. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(11) *Catalogue of the Spanish Library and of the Portuguese Books bequeathed by George Ticknor to the Boston Library: together with the Collection of Spanish and Portuguese Literature in the General Library.* By James Lyman Whitney. Boston: Printed by Order of the Trustees. 1879.

(12) *Under the Bells: a Romance.* By Leonard Kip, Author of "Ænone," &c. New York: Putnam's Sons.

(13) *Bodines; or, Camping on the Lycoming: a Complete Practical Guide to "Camping Out."* By Thad. S. Up de Graff, M.D., Editor of "The Bistoury." Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(14) *Nadeschda: a Poem in Nine Cantos.* By Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Translated from the Swedish by Marie A. Brown. Boston: Marie A. Brown. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(4) *Arguments before the Committee on Patents of the Senate and the House of Representatives.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(5) *Report of the New York Produce Exchange for the Year 1878; also Report of the Statistician of the Exchange, &c.* New York: Jones Printing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(6) *Some Newspaper Tendencies.* An Address delivered before the Editorial Associations of New York and Ohio, by Whitelaw Reid. New York: Holt & Co. 1879.

(7) *Colour-Blindness; its Dangers and its Detection.* By B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D. (Harvard), &c. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

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